The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

October

15¢

EP IT UP!
YOURSELF TO BUY
AR SAVINGS BONDS
ULARLY

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arr

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SEP 16 1942
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HOW HEDY LAMARR SOLVES HER LOVE PROBLEMS

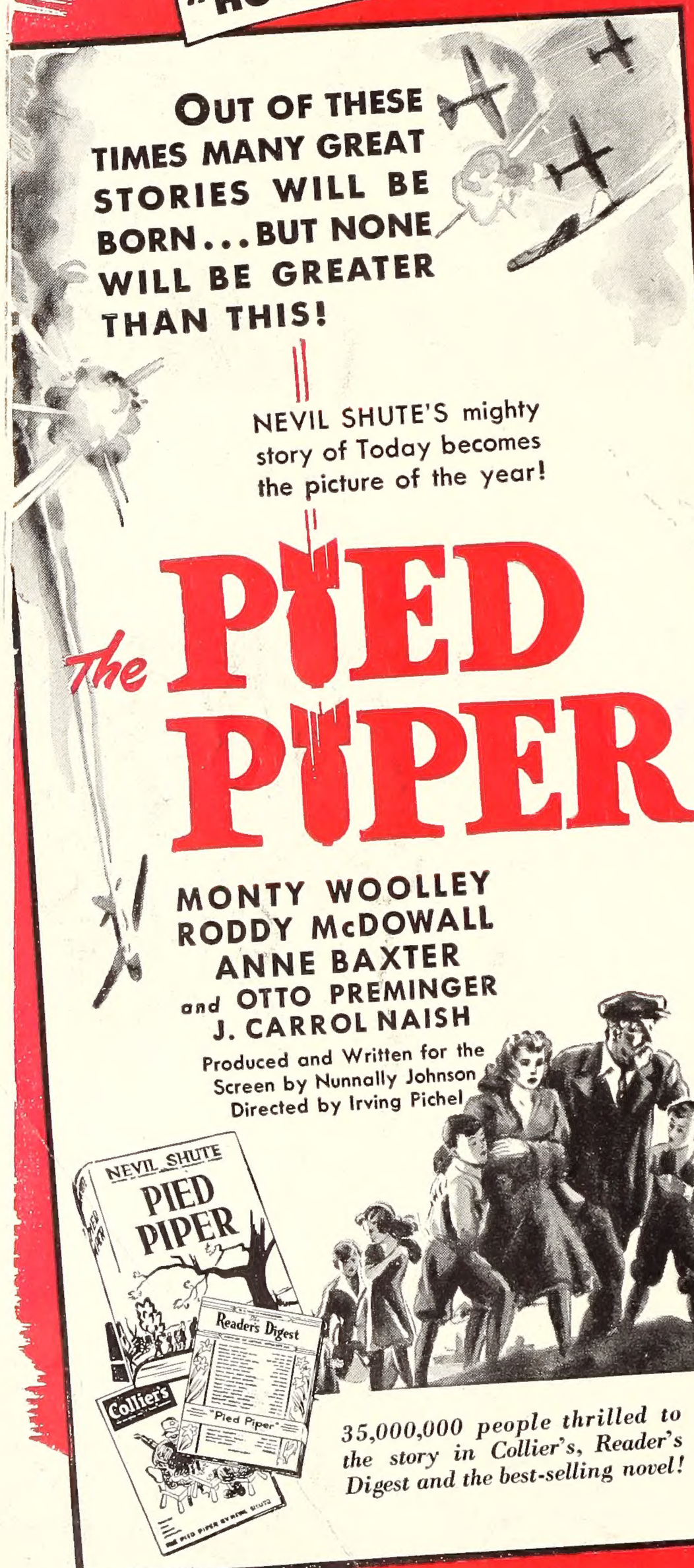
'T MISS COMPLETE STORY OF DAMON RUNYON'S "THE BIG STREET"
SCREEN SENSATION CO-STARRING LUCILLE BALL & HENRY FONDA
THY LAMOUR'S Deepest Experience • Heart Of A He-Man: CLARK GABLE

SEP 15 1942

2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"



OUT OF THESE TIMES MANY GREAT STORIES WILL BE BORN...BUT NONE WILL BE GREATER THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty story of Today becomes the picture of the year!

The PIED PIPER

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and OTTO PREMINGER
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel

35,000,000 people thrilled to the story in Collier's, Reader's Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO DANCE! LOVE SET TO SONG!... and *Your Heart will beat the Rhythm!*

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING AND GRABLE.

John
PAYNE
Betty
GRABLE
Victor
MATURE

EARL MORAN

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

with
JANE WYMAN • James Gleason
Phil Silvers • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

SONGS YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Rainger
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"

Coming soon to your favorite theatre!

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

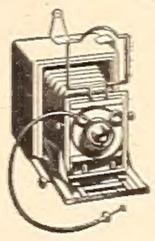
There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"

"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—with the dentist!"

"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: *A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"



And sure enough, there came a day—

"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

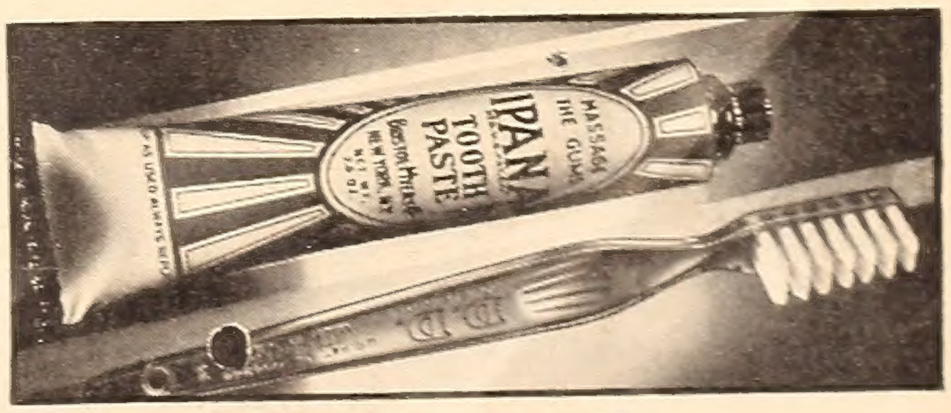
"PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means —*see your dentist at once.*

He may tell you our soft, creamy foods have denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

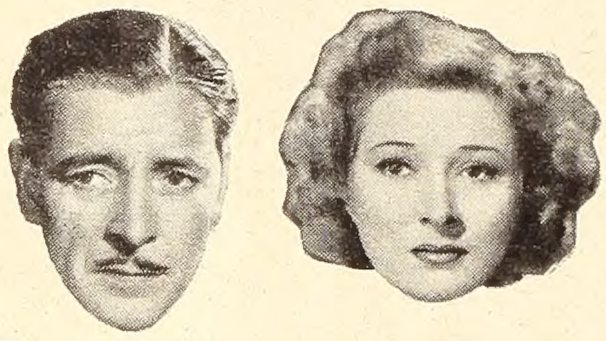
The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.



Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek. "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

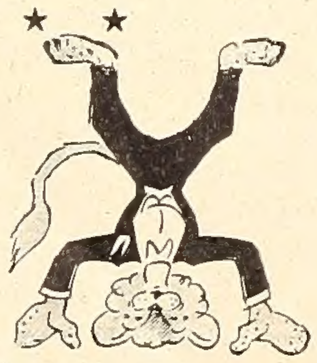
★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—*Leo*



One of the tricks of the trademark

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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★★★★★ ★★★★

October, 1942 Vol. XLV, No. 6

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Cover Portrait of HEDY LAMARR

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasure

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IT'S THE SENSATION OF THE NATION!

A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!

Here comes the hilarious Queen of Musical Hits that rocked Broadway stage audiences with laughter for a solid year. Radio riot Red Skelton and Blonde Bombshell Ann Sothern at their best! A happy screenful of talent, temptresses and tunes by Cole Porter and others.

QUEEN OF MUSICAL SHOWS!

PANAMA HATTIE

STARRING

Red SKELTON Ann SOTHERN

with "RAGS"

RAGLAND
BEN BLUE
MARSHA HUNT
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
ALAN MOWBRAY
DAN DAILEY, JR.
JACKIE HORNER

Watch for:
"THE SON-OF-A-GUN WHO PICKS ON UNCLE SAM"
A Musical Number you'll be wild about!

TEN TOP TUNES including:

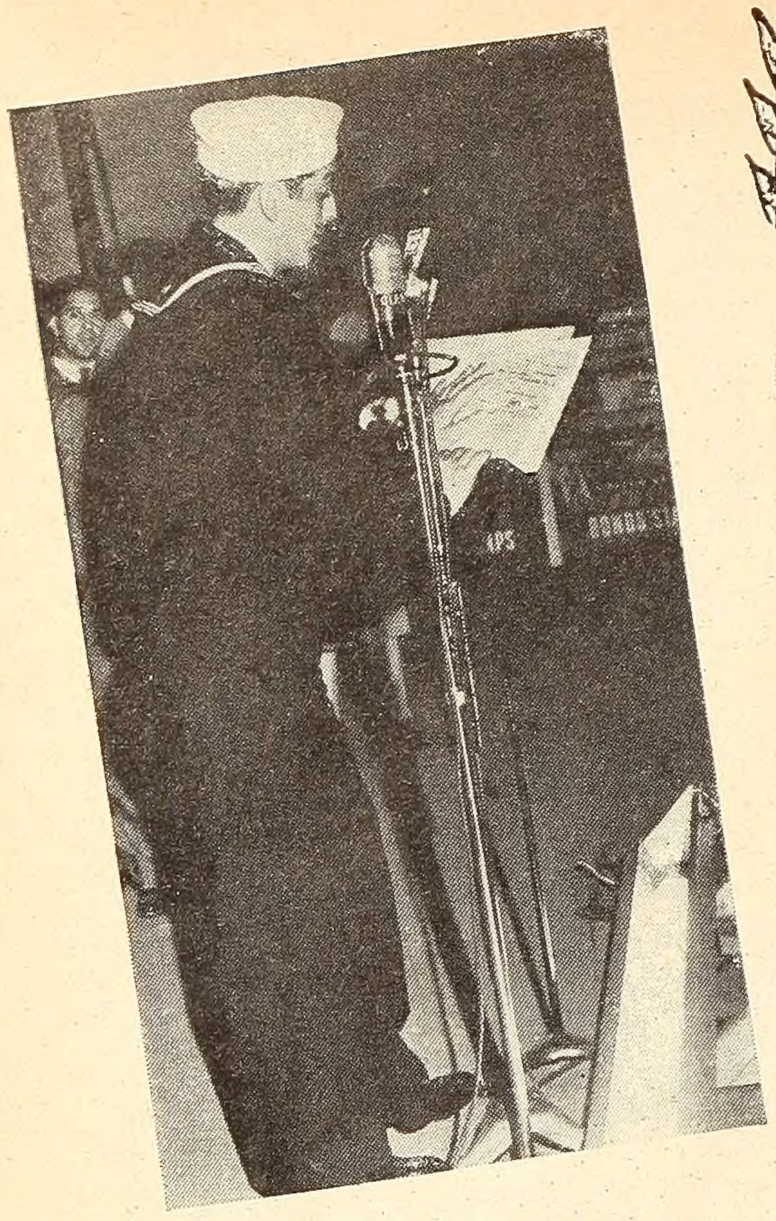
"Just One Of Those Things"
"Let's Be Buddies"
"Son Of A Gun Who Picks On Uncle Sam"
"Fresh As A Daisy"
"Good Neighbors"

More talent than in 10 vaudeville shows including famed Berry Brothers, tops in taps!

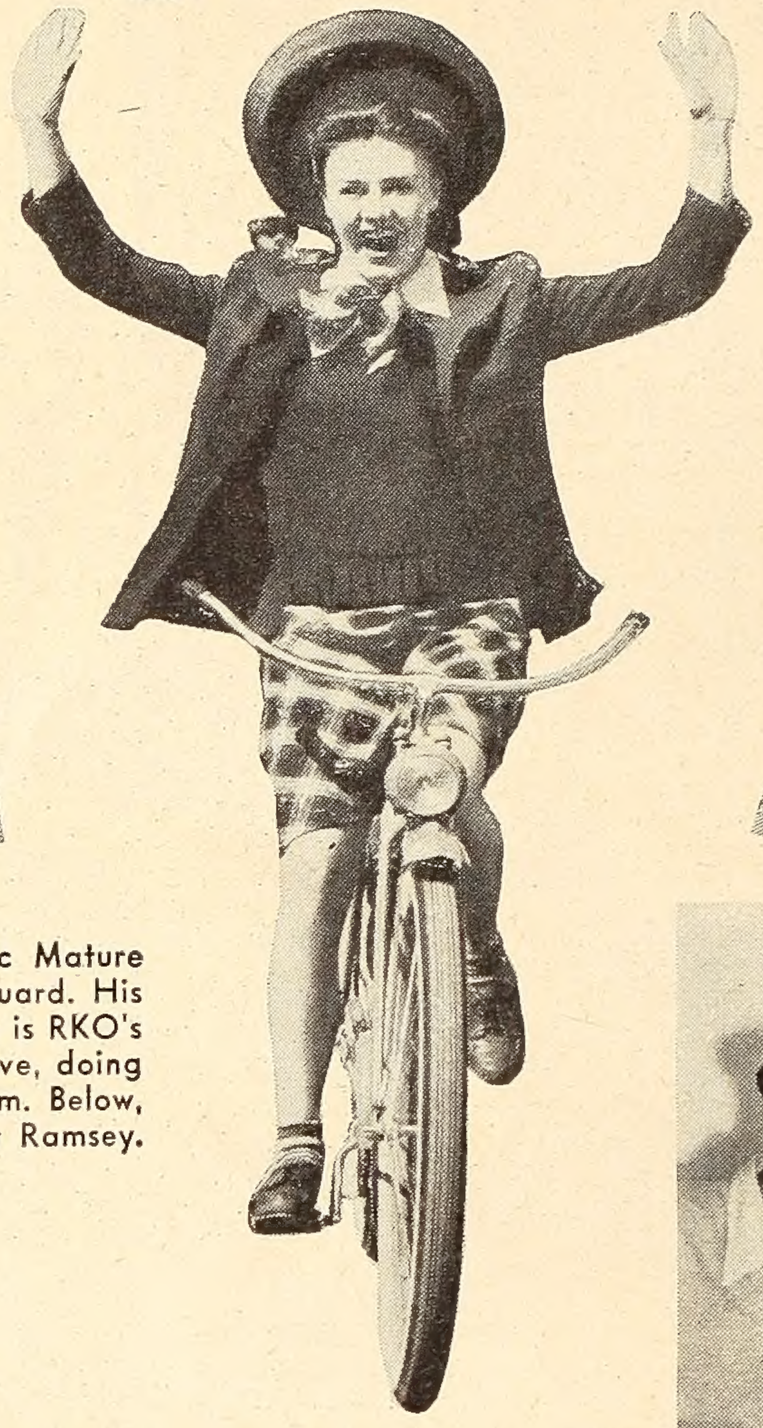
Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HOT from Hollywood



Scoop! First photos of Vic Mature since joining the Coast Guard. His last movie for the duration is RKO's "Seven Days' Leave." Above, doing a broadcast for Uncle Sam. Below, with his pal, Lieut. Walter Ramsey.



Tomboy Ginger Rogers, above, whizzing around the Paramount lot on a bike between scenes for "The Major and the Minor," in which her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, above right, makes her screen début as Ginger's *movie* mother. Right, Ginger, who plays a grown-up girl who poses as a 12-year-old, is shown with Billy Wilder, who makes his directing début with this riotous comedy.

THERE'S a story behind that story of Jimmy Cagney offering his Martha's Vineyard estate for Army maneuvers and quarters for staff officers. This is the one spot that Jimmy loved most of all. For years he dreamed of owning such a place where he could escape from the world, forget he was a movie star, divorce himself from Hollywood talk and tradition. It is in the nature of a personal sacrifice. Just try and suggest that to Jimmy!

THEY say that Lana Turner met her future mother-in-law over the long distance phone. Stephen Crane put in the call right after he proposed to Lana, while dancing at Andre's. In less time than it takes to tell, they were on their way to be married.

GREER GARSON just looks bland and beautiful, when asked if she is secretly married to Richard Ney. She does admit that she misses him since he joined the Navy. She also admits that his letters are most amusing.

THERE'S one barber in the Coast Guard who's going to be very disappointed. Victor Mature has been sworn in. But before he reports for service, he's treating himself to a man-sized haircut. The "hunk" ain't taking any chances.

CAROLE LANDIS is okay. At two o'clock in the morning, she was awakened by a *collect* telegram. It was signed by five soldiers who were coming into Hollywood. They wanted Carole to show them the town. Not only did she do it, but she got up the following morning at five A. M. and worked all day on the set.

GUESS what bothered Gene Autry most, when he gave up his lucrative career to join the Army Air Force? No, it wasn't his reported $200,000 a year salary. It wasn't his weekly radio program, his rodeos, his song publishing company, or the adulation of kids who send him 4500 fan letters weekly. It was the thought of parting with his sixty fancy cowboy outfits and getting used to Army clothes.

WILL the fans forget our boys who are serving their country? Here is the answer. Bill Holden received one thousand, three hundred and eighty-four letters in one week, more than he ever received while making pictures. To you who wrote them, Bill was so thrilled he actually cried!

"I CAN'T TELL A LIE" "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

"LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT" "ABRAHAM"

WHAT A HOLIDAY!

11 New IRVING BERLIN HITS

Hear BING CROSBY SING: "WHITE CHRISTMAS" • "I'LL CAPTURE HER HEART SINGING" • "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

See FRED ASTAIRE (with 2 beautiful partners) DANCE to "YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE WITH" • "LET'S SAY IT WITH FIRECRACKERS"

"LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT" "SONG OF FREEDOM"

"EASTER PARADE" "SONG OF

Irving Berlin's

HOLIDAY INN

starring

Bing CROSBY • Fred ASTAIRE

A Mark Sandrich Production

"PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"

A Paramount Picture with

MARJORIE REYNOLDS • VIRGINIA DALE • WALTER ABEL

Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

SCREEN PLAY BY CLAUDE BINYON

ADAPTATION BY ELMER RICE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Give your Hair that Sunny

"Lighter Look"

If you're a blonde whose hair has become dark and streaked . . . if you're a brunette or a redhead and you long for lighter hair . . . you'll be delighted to discover what marvelous effects you can get with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

It's really amazing how Marchand's Golden Hair Wash brings dull, dingy hair "to life"—gives it a lustrous, "spun-gold" sheen. And remember — with Marchand's you, yourself, can control the actual *degree* of lightness you wish to obtain.

Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make blonde hair blonder — or to give dark hair a contrasting lighter look. Marchand's is *not a dye* and it gives splendid results. You can get a bottle at any drug counter. Try it — today!

Use Marchand's, also, to lighten hair on arms and legs.

Marchand's GOLDEN HAIR WASH

And...here's a new idea—
"Make-Up" for your hair!

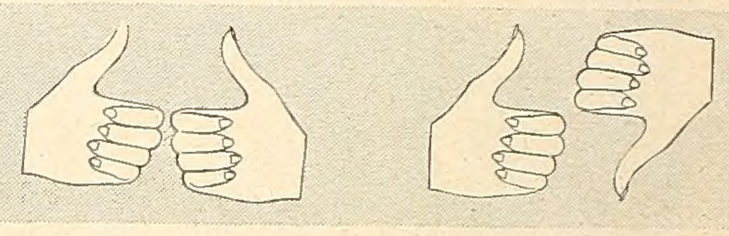
Enliven and highlight the color-tone of your hair—with Marchand's thrilling new *"Make-Up"* Hair Rinse! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye! Made with Government approved colors, it goes on—and washes off—as easily as your face powder or lipstick. 9 flattering tints for *every shade* of hair. 25c and 10c at all drug counters.

Marchand's "Make-Up" RINSE

Copyright, 1942, by Chas. Marchand Co.

Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY Delight Evans



THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—*Samuel Goldwyn-UA*

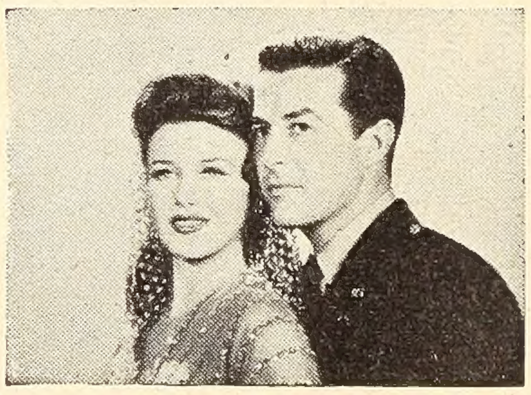
Splendid screen tribute to a fine American, this new Gary Cooper picture will surprise you. Instead of the dynamic drama you may expect, you find a film of deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career. But the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it, for Gary's great performance, matched by Teresa Wright's, Babe Ruth's appearance, playing himself, and excellent cast. The great American sport glorified.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—*Columbia*

A sparkling comedy, and this time we mean smart, intelligent comedy, not silly, slapstick stuff, with first-rate performances by its starring trio. Cary Grant, as *Dilg*, who, though innocent, is convicted on an arson-murder charge, escapes from prison, and hides in the house *Nora Shelley* (Jean Arthur) has rented to a law school dean. The professor (Ronald Colman) investigates, proves *Dilg's* innocence and gets a Supreme Court appointment. Cary gets the gal. Exciting. See it.

TALES OF MANHATTAN—*20th Century-Fox*

Tricky, but terrific! Tale of a top coat told in a series of short, punchy episodes with some of Hollywood's brightest stars at their best. Worn by Charles Boyer, coat is draped in drama when it receives a bullet hole from Rita Hayworth's jealous husband (Thomas Mitchell). Further adventures involve Ginger Rogers and Henry Fonda in romantic comedy; Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson in compelling drama; and Paul Robeson in superb and imaginative finale.



THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—*Paramount*

You can't miss this! It's the gayest, most original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal impersonating a precocious 'teen-age brat who crashes a military academy and creates a sensation among the cadets, not to mention the handsome Major, Ray Milland. Scene in which Ray tries to tell Ginger the facts of life is funniest. Stars sparkle, cast includes Ginger's real-life mom, Lela Rogers, and newcomer Diana Lynn, worth watching.

ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?—*Paramount*

Foolish but very funny, this unpretentious little comedy can't help but entertain you. Based on the book, "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," it relates the wacky marital mix-ups of a giddy young couple, played, fortunately, by Ray Milland and Betty Field, who manage to make their irresponsible characters endearing rather than merely silly. Masquerade with Ray as a knight in armor dates way back to Sennett slapstick but keeps you howling. Patricia Morison and Eugene Pallette help fun along.

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare--for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

ERROL FLYNN
thrillingly, stirringly teamed
with fandom's favorite
RONALD REAGAN
to lead a 5-man Commando
mission in a devastating dash
to Berlin and back!

DESPERATE JOURNEY

TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!
(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)

With NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Arthur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

Music by Max Steiner

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES month at all movie theatres! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

Every Wife Must Face This Intimate Problem... *HERE ARE THE FACTS!*

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Whenever you see a happily-married woman, you can be fairly certain that she knows the truth about the vital, intimate problem of feminine hygiene.

You can too! Today no woman need trust the half-truths told her by misinformed friends! No woman need rely on weak, ineffective "homemade" solutions—or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissues.

Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 6009A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Zonitors

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Noted Doctor's Relief Does It Fast!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE to Blondes

—or those who want to be!

Any problem you can think of, in the care of hair and skin for blonde girls and women (or those who want to be blonde) is answered in this amazing FREE booklet. Pictures, descriptions of NINETEEN products—developed especially for blondes by Lechler Laboratories. Send your name and address today and receive this useful FREE booklet by return mail!

Send Name Today for Free Booklet on Care of Skin and Hair for Blondes!

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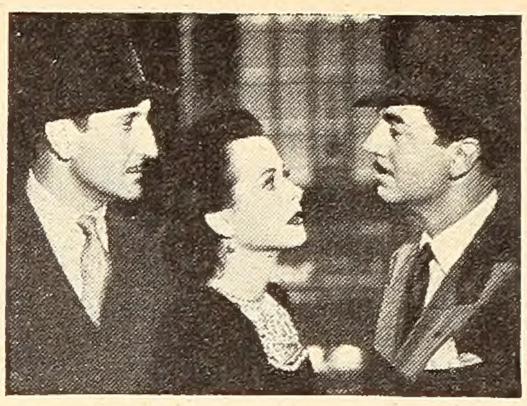


CROSSROADS—*M-G-M*

After playing comedy parts, William Powell is again seen in a straight dramatic rôle. He gives a suave performance as the French career diplomat who suffered amnesia after an accident years before, and who receives an extortion note from a man who accuses him of being a petty criminal. Powell begins to doubt his own identity, but a tiny clue helps solve the mystery. Hedy Lamarr, stunning as the wife, does a nice acting job, too. Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor in cast.

PRIORITIES ON PARADE—*Paramount*

This cheerful musical is about unemployed musicians who get jobs in an aircraft plant and inspire workers with their music. Ann Miller plays a night-club entertainer who deserts the band and finds that a boss female welder (Betty Rhodes), who sings torch songs as well as she uses a blow torch, has taken her place (romantically, not professionally) with leader Johnnie Johnston. Ann does a trick blackout tap dance routine. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna supply good comedy.

DESPERATE JOURNEY—*Warners*

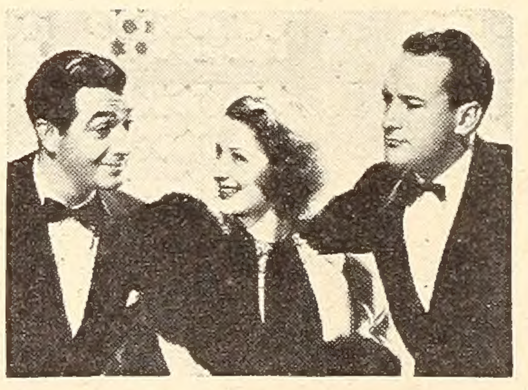
The adventures of five RAF flyers, who escape when their flying fortress is shot down over Germany, is told in this exciting film. Things happen fast and furious and daredevils Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Arthur Kennedy, Alan Hale, Ronald Sinclair get into so many tight spots, you're left breathless. The cocky, amusing way they polish off the Nazis is great stuff—they mow 'em down! Kids will cheer. Nancy Coleman, Raymond Massey in cast. All give good performances.

WINGS AND THE WOMAN—*RKO-Radio*

This biographical film, portraying the life of Amy Johnson, is a cavalcade of aviation from 1931, when the noted flyer made her trail-blazing flight to Australia to January, 1941, when she lost her life while ferrying bombers to the battle fronts. The film shows what women are doing in the air to help win the war and also tells about Amy's unhappy marriage to flyer Jim Mollison. Anna Neagle is excellent as Amy. Robert Newton is seen as Jim, an unsympathetic rôle.

ONE THRILLING NIGHT—*Monogram*

This comedy about newlyweds is good for many laughs. It's about a couple spending a one-night honeymoon in a New York hotel. The groom must report to the Army in the A. M. Weird things begin to happen—they find a body in the bed; they open a closet and a "stiff" falls out; bodies appear, disappear; cops run in and out of the room; and the groom is abducted. John Beal, fine as the yokel groom, whose hick tactics are screamingly funny. Wanda McKay is cute as the bride.



HER CARDBOARD LOVER—*M-G-M*

This dated farce isn't the sophisticated type of filmfare it was meant to be. In fact, there isn't much to be said in its favor, except that Norma Shearer wears stunning clothes; Robert Taylor and George Sanders, her handsome leading men, do a good rough and tumble cellar-fight sequence. Norma hires Bob as her secretary (her cardboard lover) to keep Sanders away. Bob loves her and takes great delight in his duties. Norma, annoyed with Bob at first, finds she loves him, too.

HI, NEIGHBOR—*Republic*

An amusing comedy about a college converted into a country club to give students summer work. Business slow, they send pamphlets to a lonely hearts club. Singing, rug-cutting "love birds" swarm the place, angering its spinster-founder, but niece Jean Parker likes faculty member John Archer and helps sell her aunt the idea. Lulubelle and Scotty, Smoky Mountain Boys and Girls and other radio stars entertain. Lighthearted—not serious—a fun-filled musical jamboree.

Turn to page 60 for "Recent Films Reviewed in a Flash"

SHE'S ALL THIS · · · and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant Barrymore!

She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

Diana BARRYMORE

AND

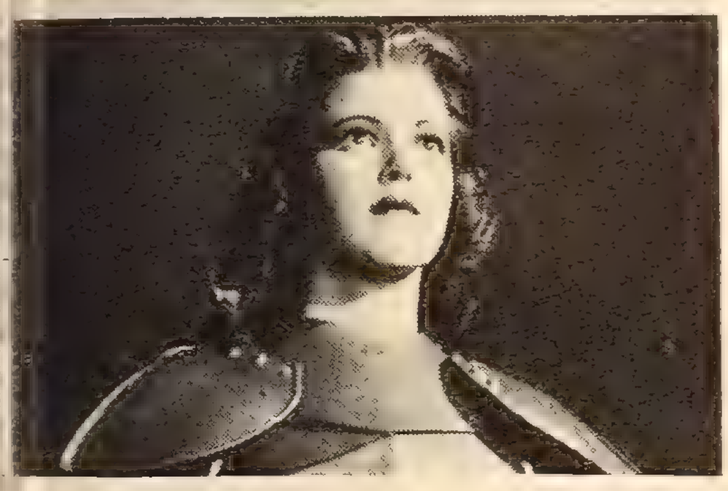
Robert CUMMINGS

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* FRANCIS

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!



JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT,
GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

She's Glamorous! . . . as daring Sadie Thompson!

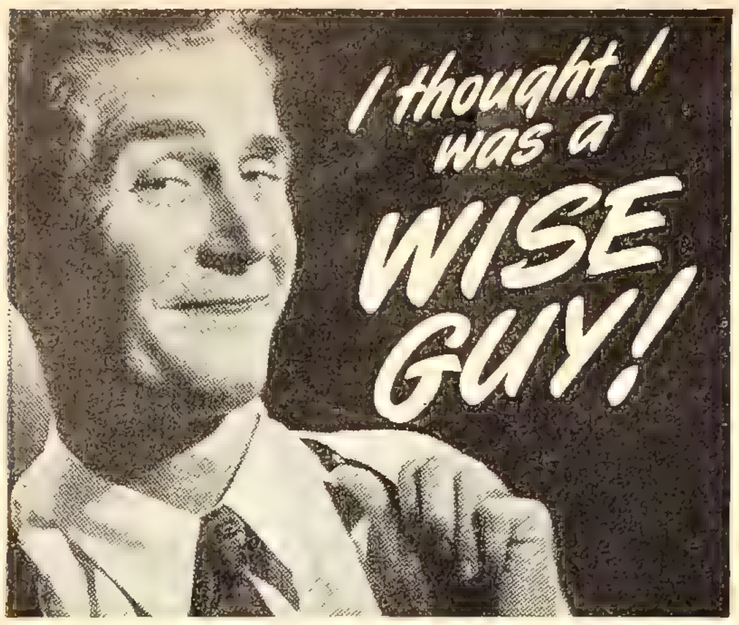
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic Queen Victoria!

BETWEEN US GUYS—*She's Terrific!*

and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded *that* so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!..."It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!" . . . Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found *MY* laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

EX-LAX
10c and 25c at all drug stores

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
$3.50 — At drug counters throughout the world

Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 450 East St., New Haven, Conn.

●Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Bill's gone. He was one of the boys who died at Pearl Harbor. For awhile my heart died with him. It didn't seem possible that I would never see him again. Never see his smile. Never hear his voice.

It *was* possible. Bitter months of loneliness taught me that.

Last week I pulled myself together and went to a show for the first time since December 7. The picture was "Eagle Squadron." The hero, Robert Stack, reminded me so of Bill. It set me dreaming. For an hour Bill was with me.

I've been to a show every day since. In every one I found a memory of Bill. Sometimes it's his voice, the way he shrugged his shoulders. The way he ate his soup. Little precious parts of him.

I'd like to thank the movies for bringing him back. It means new happiness to me. Bill will always live in my heart. Seeing a smile that reminds me of him, though it isn't his, assures me that he is smiling somewhere.

ELIZABETH McDONALD, Vernonia, Ore.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Most Americans will heartily agree with President Roosevelt's desire that there be no blackout of entertainment during the war. There is no doubt that we are living in trying times; we have a global war to win and with millions of Americans straining every nerve to produce war materials, relaxation and entertainment are both priority elements to the upkeep of morale and capability to endure the sacrifices essential to victory. I do not believe that there is a single factor that affords relaxation and entertainment in the degree that the silver screen possesses. When I go to the theater I sink my 185 pounds of hulk in the luxurious depth of a cushioned seat giving my body a rest and my mind a mythical cruise over the fairyland of the universe. I bask in the warmth of the South Sea Islands, I shiver at the frozen wastes of the Northland, I laugh until my sides ache at the antics of comedians—in fact, I'm feeling what it means to be an American. Thank God for America. Thank America for the movie theater.

JOHN N. BENKOVIC, Steelton, Pa.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

I've been reading SCREENLAND for years, and one of my favorite departments has always been the Honor Page.

Some months ago, you honored a newcomer, Richard Whorf, for his wonderful work in his first movie, "Blues In the Night," and you also gave the picture an enthusiastic review.

I saw "Blues In the Night" on your recommendation and agreed wholeheartedly regarding the film itself and Mr. Whorf, whose characterization of *Jigger Pine* was, to my way of thinking, truly magnificent. I liked him and the picture so much that I saw it again at a neighborhood theater.

Since then, I have seen Richard Whorf in a trite little picture called "Juke Girl," which he stole completely from its handsome stars, Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan. Incidentally, did you ever see such a change from the moody *Jigger* to the happy-go-lucky screwball *Danny?* Recently, I saw a great short subject called "March On, America," narrated by my

Right or Wrong—WRITE!

Have you put off writing a letter because you weren't sure whether the other readers would say "right" or "wrong"? Don't put it off any longer! Right or wrong, we want your opinion about the movies and stars. In fact, when the other fans *don't* agree it's more fun and may start a little friendly fan fued in the Forum. But there's one thing you can't be wrong about—buying War Savings Bonds. If your letter wins a prize, it will help buy another Bond—and that's being 100% right. First prize, $10.00; second prize $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Buy Bonds And Stamps At Your Neighborhood Movie Theater!

nd Mr. Whorf. The timbre and shad- of his voice greatly intensified the im- ssion made by the picture.

What goes on? Are the Warners out of r minds? In Richard Whorf, they've their greatest find since John Garfield, here they are letting him go! All t so he isn't good-looking; he doesn't e to be, with the talent he's got. He's wonderful character man, but judging n "Blues In the Night" he wouldn't do ly in a romantic lead either. If he had right kind of rôles, he could be one of llywood's greatest stars.

MARY KELLY, Waterbury, Conn.

---

very so often, out of the welter of sicals and comedies and love stories that e from Hollywood, there appears a pic- e which sets us to thinking—a picture ich goes a little deeper than the "moon, on, croon" angle, and sends us from the ater a little more grown-up, a little more rant and understanding.

uch a picture, I believe, is "King's w," which I saw over a week ago, and still unable to erase from my mind. t since "How Green Was My Valley" e I been so stirred, and been so willing pay the admission price. And not in nths have I seen so many brilliant per- mances. Betty Field's *Cassie,* Ann Sheri- 's *Randy,* Maria Ouspenskaya's *Grand- re,* Nancy Coleman's *Louise*—all were ns of acting.

But for me, the high spot of the picture s the teaming of Ronald Reagan and bert Cummings as *Parris* and *Drake.* eir scenes together were, I thought, al- st inspired—especially that one where *rris* returns to Kings Row after four g years and is reunited with the now- ppled *Drake.* When two grown men can ually embrace each other, and cry, as y did, and yet do it so well and so sin- ely that not one person in the audience n thinks of snickering—that's acting of highest calibre!

know that many critics have complained t it is too brutal a film for these troubled es; but somehow I feel that, underneath, all, each and every one of us, need a le of that faith and understanding and th which *Parris* was supposed to ex- plify; and that pictures such as this, ile they may not appeal to our lighter e, help immeasurably to enrich our minds d our way of thinking.

So, here's hoping that the producers will e us more films such as this — films ich prove, once and for all, that Holly- od has truly "come of age."

DAVID R. MOSS, Chicago, Ill.

I have been under the impression that look like someone else in the movies ways spelt failure. I further thought that st everyone in Hollywood concurred in s belief. Hasn't Joan Bennett been told e truth of this remark?

She has evidently grown tired of im- rsonating Hedy Lamarr. Looking through e pages of the late magazines, I find my- f growing ecstatic. Goody! Ruth Hussey in another new film, but imagine my nsternation on reading the caption under e picture, "Joan Bennett in 'Twin Beds.'" this isn't too much to bear, I find Ellen rew is changing her makeup to look like e gorgeous Hussey too. While this un- ubtedly is a tribute to Miss Hussey to so widely copied, both her fans and those the above two named actresses will most kely wish they would be themselves in- ead of a denatured copy of someone else. Take it from this stenographer, carbon pies are seldom as good as the originals!

LOUISE KRAMER, Peoria, Ill.

(*Please turn to page 17*)

"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"

Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!" **Helen:** "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"

Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?" **Helen:** "Not if you want to be *sure,* Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"

Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"

STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents underarm odor.* Mum is *sure!*

Mum is *handy, quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.*

"Soaping" DULLS HAIR. HALO GLORIFIES IT!

With Halo Shampoo, hair never gets clouded with dull, dingy soap-film

Glorious natural beauty for your hair! All its radiant luster revealed! That's what your very first Halo shampoo will give you!

All soaps, even the finest, leave dingy *soap-film.* But Halo contains *no* soap, *cannot* leave soap-film.

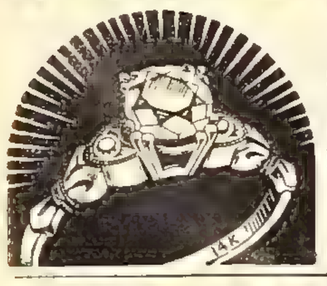
Even in hard water, Halo lathers abundantly, rinses away *completely,* leaves your hair shimmering bright with no lemon or vinegar rinse. A new-type, patented ingredient in Halo creates oceans of billowing, fragrant lather that rinses away like magic, carrying with it dust and loose dandruff. Your hair dries softly manageable, easy to curl, brilliant with highlights!

Get Halo today...in 10¢ or larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

MINED AND CUT LIKE A DIAMOND!



Famous WHITE Zircon gem. Sparkles like a diamond, costs 98% less! Cuts glass, resists acid. **FREE** catalog of amazing values in genuine Zircons set in men's and women's gold or silver rings. Write for your copy today!

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The Clean, Odorless Way to REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!

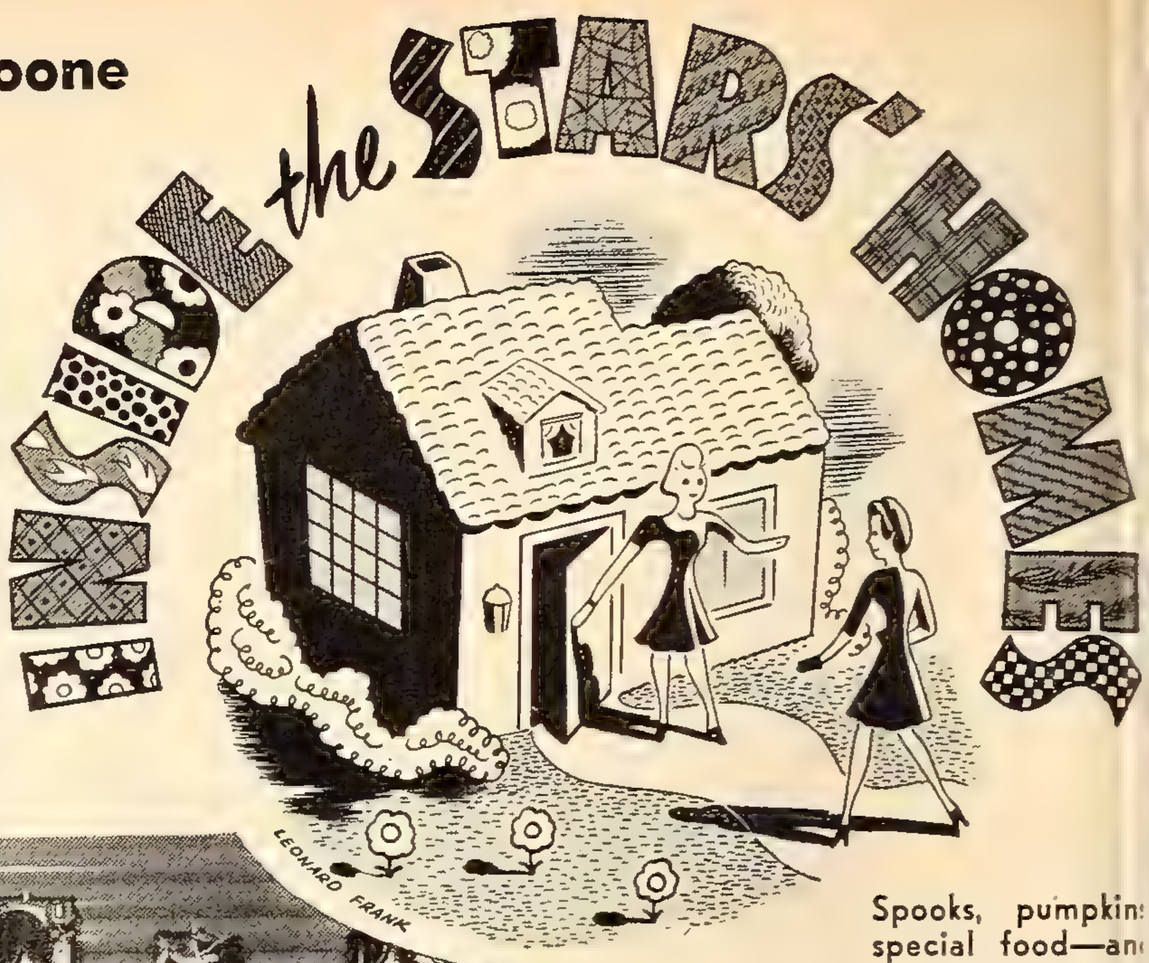
Carry Lechler's VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere. So easy and clean—odorless—no muss, no bother—nothing to wash off. NOT a depilatory. Comes in a smart pastel compact. Effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth. Enough for FULL SEASON'S USE! Send name and address today, enclose only $1, we pay postage. Sent C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

House of Lechler, Dept. 1510, 560 Broadway, New York City

By Betty Boone

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES

Have a gay Hallowe'en! Geraldine Fitzgerald, bewitching Irish star who believes in ghosts, is your charming hostess



LEONARD FRANK

Spooks, pumpkins special food—and your beautiful, auburn-haired, green-eyed hostess, below

YOU'D think an Irish girl would go all out for anything green—but Geraldine Fitzgerald draws the line at green salads! She doesn't like green stuff on a plate because she has been on so many diets that she has come to loathe the sight of a lettuce leaf. So if you are toying with the idea of attending her Irish Hallowe'en party, better get set for something in gelatine!

"In Ireland we don't serve dessert last as you do here," commented the Irish star, "we always have salad or savory last. People say: 'Won't you have something to take the sweet taste away?'

"There's a salad called *Fruit Bowl* that combines salad and dessert that I may decide to serve at my party, following it up with *Cockleburs.* You use no sugar with this salad—cheering thought for rationed hostesses."

FRUIT BOWL SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups cottage cheese
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup cream or milk
½ cup pineapple
1 orange
1 cup bananas, grapes or any fruit

Soften gelatine with cold water. Pla bowl over boiling water. Stir until gelati is dissolved. Mash cheese fine. Add seaso ings, cream, gelatine. Turn into ring mo that has been rinsed in cold water. Ch When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill cent with fruit cut small and blended with Kr salad dressing and a few spoonsful whipped cream.

COCKLEBURS

Combine ½ cup crushed potato chips, teaspoon mustard, cayenne and 2 egg yol Blend with 1 cup canned salmon ur smooth. Shape mixture into tiny balls, r in flour then in slightly beaten whites o eggs, coat with 1½ cups fresh bread crum

y in semi-deep fat to golden brown. rve hot on cocktail picks. This makes 18 lls.

Geraldine is loyal to such Irish desserts moss pudding, but an American specialty at has recently captured her fancy is range Marmalade Chiffon Pie. This is other dessert without sugar, and an ex-llent follow-up savory is anchovy paste toasted and salted soya crackers.

ORANGE MARMALADE CHIFFON PIE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup hot water
1 cup orange marmalade
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

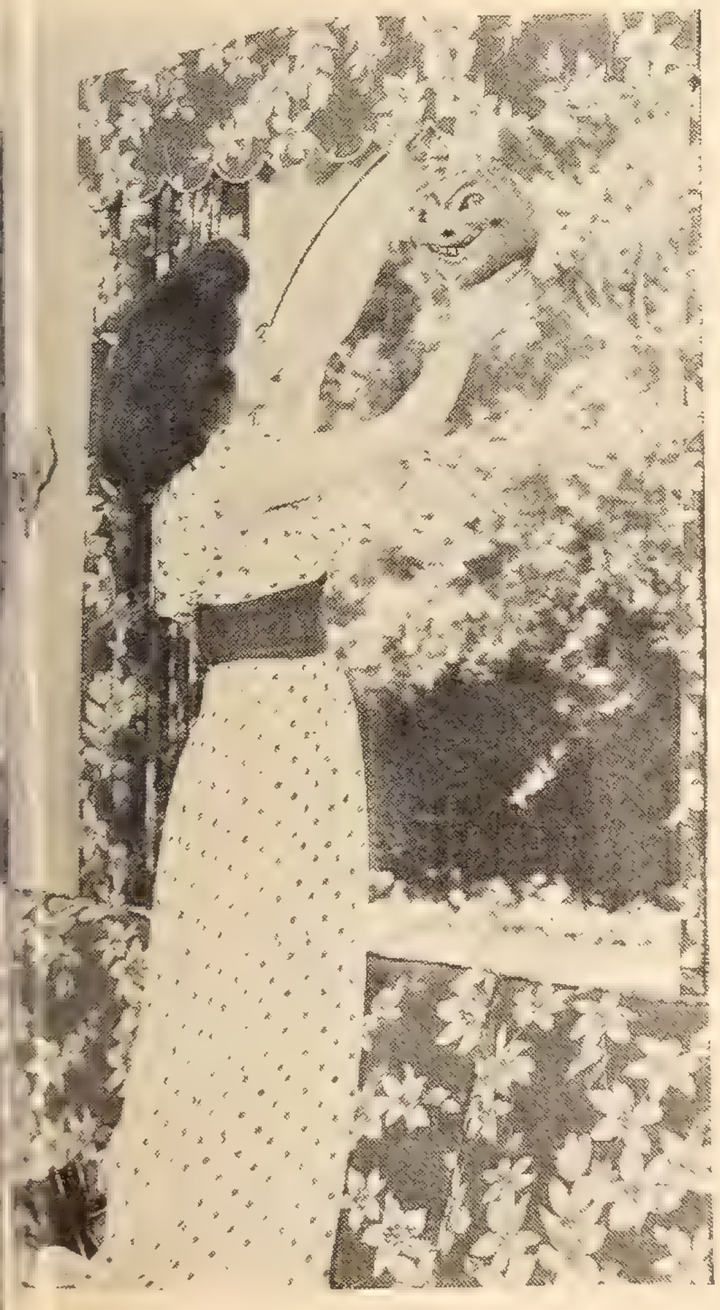
Soften gelatine in cold water. Then add t water, marmalade and salt. Stir until ssolved and set aside to cool. Beat the g whites until stiff. When the jelly be-ns to thicken, fold in the whipped cream d the egg whites. Place in previously ked pastry shell and chill until firm. Be-re serving, garnish with whipped cream.

"The first thing a good hostess thinks when planning a party is food," declared eraldine. "And that was all very well fore the war when one could say 'Let's ve this,' or 'Let's have that,' with never glance at the sugar bowl. Now the idea to regard that bowl earnestly before you much as plan an item.

"I'd like to have a plum pudding to wind my dinner, because then you can turn t lights and set fire to your brandy sauce d have a truly dramatic effect. Nice in-oduction to the ghost stories you tell ound the fire afterward. However, plum dding is definitely OUT for the duration.

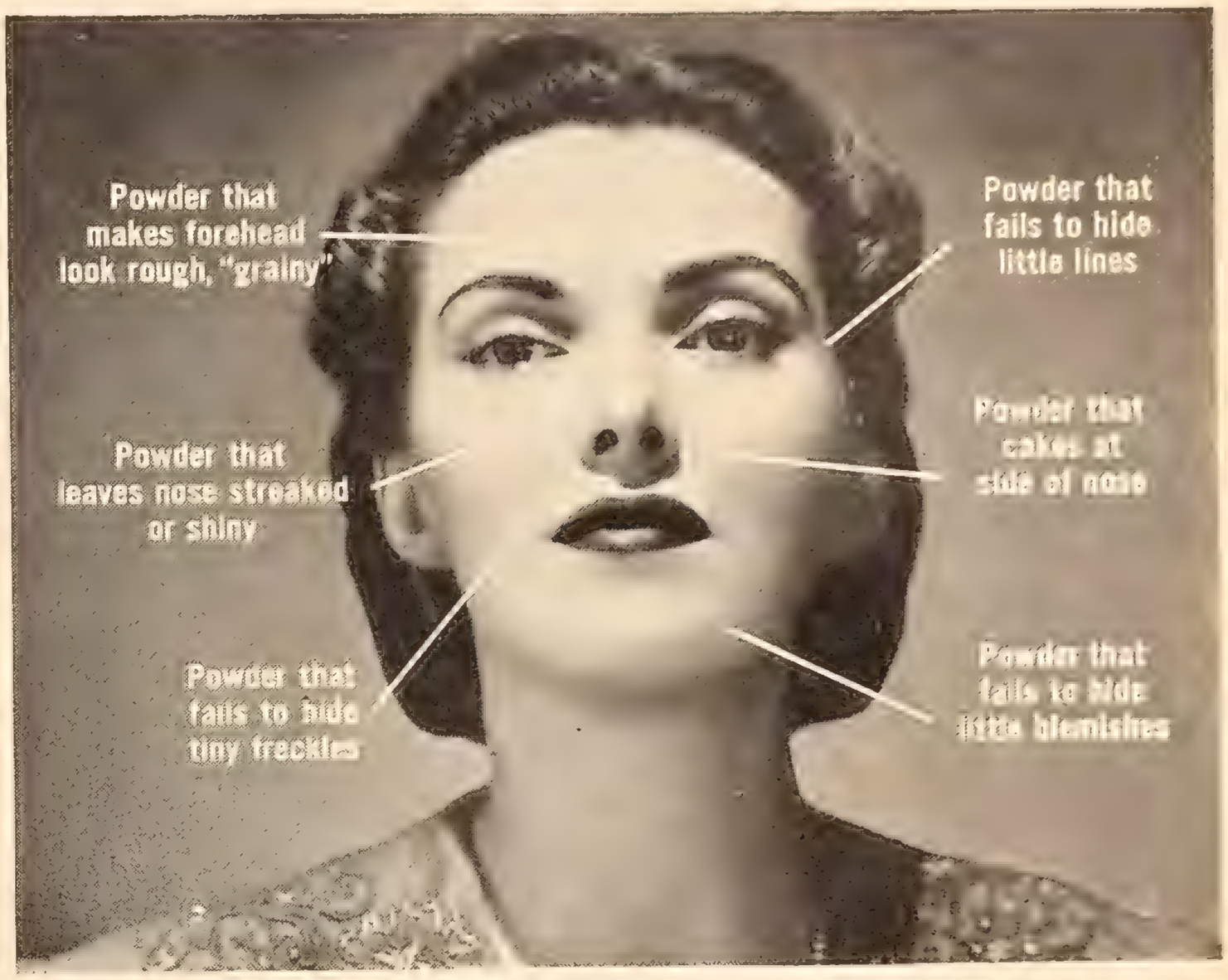
"Let's begin with oysters. My cook makes excellent oyster cocktail. The main

(*Please turn to page 78*)



Geraldine feels that decorations, pumpkins, lack cats and witches, are as important a part f her Hallowe'en party as the food she serves.

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you *re-powder* your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

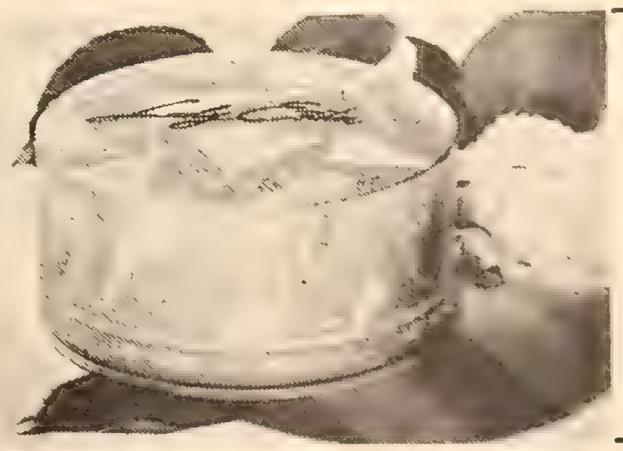
What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—*it's blown and reblown* by TWIN HURRICANES, blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years *younger!*

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, *you'll know you've found your lucky shade!*

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Screenland Honor Page

Cheers for Teresa Wright in her rôle of Mrs. Lou Gehrig opposite Gary Cooper in Samuel Goldwyn's "Pride of the Yankees." For tender charm and wistful loveliness she is the screen's most endearing new personality, but it is her acting you will remember, for she is Broadway's very best gift to Hollywood

If you saw Teresa Wright in "The Little Foxes" and "Mrs. Miniver," you will not be surprised to see her score even more strongly in "Pride of the Yankees," playing the wife of Gary Cooper, who also gives a great performance as the idol of American baseball, Lou Gehrig. Below, Miss Wright in one of her wonderful scenes with star Cooper. Lower right, heart-walloping moment from the fine new film.

Fans' Forum

Why, oh why, must you always be so
ean to Lana Turner? Yes, she has her
ults, but haven't we all? It seems as if
u are always making remarks about her
oo, too gay life," while you hold up as
ining examples those cinema glamor girls
o lead good, practical lives which are,
as, to the vast world of fans, dull and
o much like their own. And isn't there
me hypocrisy here, too? At least, the
namic Turner is pictured as she actu-
y is.

Another thing, the critics are always
nning that quality which she possesses
d in abundance—glamor. Why continue
say that some old star, one who is
ahly too, too tired of it all," has a
onopoly on that elusive quality? Every-
e knows that Lana, with her exuberant
ality, marvelous looks, stunning clothes
d real acting ability has it all over those
ars who must keep a masseuse and beauty
erator as constant attendants, lest they
pear in public looking the wrecks they
ally are. Lana has the glamor. Why can't
u admit it? Three cheers for this gal,
e answer to a fan's prayer.

BARBARA ZUGER, Duluth, Minn.

Some day when I am very rich I am
ing to buy up all the seats for rows and
ws in some movie house, then sit down
the middle of the "bought" section and
ally enjoy the picture on the screen.

I don't go to a show very often, so I
y to pick out the choicest features when
do go. But the whole evening is often
oiled because I see only snatches of the
ctures. The rest is a series of various
aped human heads thrown in shadow on
e screen, shutting out the picture and

Joan Crawford surprised all her Hollywood friends recently when she married actor Phillip Terry at the home of her attorney, Neal McCarthy, near Ventura, California.

making me lose the thread of the story.

Can't something be done about this?

I believe if I were manager of a motion picture theater I would reserve a section for late-comers and insist that they sit in this reserved section until the end of the show. Or maybe I would charge double rates to those who came after a feature picture had started.

For many people the movie theater is just a place to spend two or three hours, but there are a few of us who would really like to see the picture.

FLORENCE L. HOWELL, Jerseyville, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Movies—Unrationed

Oh, when it comes to pictures
I'm always on a binge,
I'm never on a diet—
Nor from double features cringe.

I *insist* on second helpings;
Calories they pile up,
And vitamins I slap around
Just like a sassy pup.

I like my share of sugar,
But can also take 'em tart;
I love my films dramatic,
And likewise love 'em smart.

Give me a lot of Boyer
And plenty of Bob Hope;
Some Abbott and Costello
And all the Disney dope.

We don't want any rationing
Of Rooney-Garland pics;
I refuse to take my belt in
On *any* kind of flicks.

JEAN M. CAMERON, Vancouver, Can.

A marriage that surely was made in heaven (for screen purposes) is the Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon team now packing 'em in with "Mrs. Miniver." The combination is ideal from the temperamental angle and both are of an age to function as either lovers or as Mom and Pop. In fact, sometimes I feel when viewing their celluloid selves that they really ought to be married, like Lunt and Fontanne. But I'm for 'em with or without benefit of clergy.

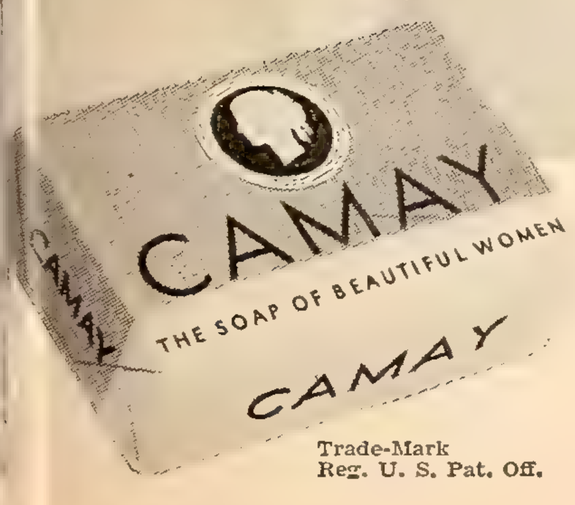
GEORGE BAYNE, Vancouver, Can.

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change *today* to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

Tonight—Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.

HER SECRET CAN BE YOURS. You probably know a girl like this. You see faces light as she enters a room . . . note the admiring glances of men. Sometimes you may wonder what is the secret of her appeal.

She's not a beauty. Nice eyes, filled with warmth and animation. A clear, fresh skin. Hair brushed to brightness—to satin smoothness.

Her suit is simple . . . though you notice that it's neatly pressed and settled snugly on her trim shoulders. A blouse of dazzling white—

You grope for phrases to define her appeal . . . and suddenly her secret comes to you. Of course! It's freshness, complete and all pervading. The *freshness* of her costume. The *freshness* of her person.

You know she'd never be guilty of any small, careless neglect. You know that one of her first concerns must be her breath—a thing that only too many otherwise attractive women foolishly take for granted. *This* girl, you're sure, would no more omit Listerine than she would omit her bath. She knows, as every woman should, that a breath like Spring is one of the first requirements of charm, the first step to Romance.

And she also knows how often Listerine Antiseptic can make the breath sweeter and purer.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath). Isn't it foolish to take chances on offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic with its amazing antiseptic effect is such a delightful precaution? Why not get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times before meeting others you would like to have think well of you?

While some cases of bad breath are systemic, most cases, in the opinion of some noted authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors produced by fermentation. Never omit Listerine from your daily toilette. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO EVERY MOVIE FAN
and one in particular

When you visit your favorite movie theater for the precious entertainment it offers you, don't forget to express your gratitude to your Uncle Sam and your support in his big fight by buying War Bonds and Stamps. Hollywood stars Abbott and Costello, left, Ann Miller, Evelyn Keyes and Jinx Falkenburg, above, point the way. Buy Bonds!

I DON'T know your name. But I sat next to you in a movie theater the other day. I noticed you when you came in because you stumbled a little trying to find a seat in the darkness, as if you were tired. A nice, quiet-looking woman, you sank down with a great big sigh of relief—before you relaxed and looked at the screen. It wasn't one of those super pictures they were showing, with a big cast of Hollywood stars; just a group of good average actors doing their best—but it was funny, it was gay; and I couldn't help hearing you laugh a little. "That's good," I thought. "This is cheering her up. And she needs it." Well, the feature faded and the newsreel came on. Statesmen speaking; factories at full steam ahead; a new ship being launched—but mostly soldiers. Boys on the march; our boys in far-off places doing their jobs and grinning away at it. I noticed that you sat up straighter when these scenes flashed on. I could fairly feel your excitement, and you must have felt my interest in you; because you turned suddenly and whispered, "*My* boy's over there! And that soldier—did you see him, marching on the left, the one who was looking this way?—he looks a lot like—him." Then the lights went up and I could see your face was wet with tears. But you were smiling, too. And as I got up to go you leaned forward a little: "I suppose it sounds silly—but I don't know what I'd do without the movies. They sort of—keep me going, you see."

Yes, I saw. And when I walked out into the lobby of the theater I stopped a minute and thought about it. I wonder if the rest of us are grateful enough for the movies, for what they give us these trying times? They are more than an escape; they are a constant reminder to keep our chins up while we are working away at the most important job of all—winning this war. Movie stars are helping all the time. And now the movie theaters have pledged themselves to sell a billion dollars of War Bonds—that's a lot of Bonds, but there are a lot of us movie fans to buy 'em. So some more of us lined up at the booth at that theater, and before I left I noticed that you, too, had joined the line. Keep 'em going works both ways, doesn't it?

Delight Evans

HEART of a HE-MAN!

Thrilling closeup of Clark Gable tells his triumph over tragedy, his hope for the future! Here, with Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You"

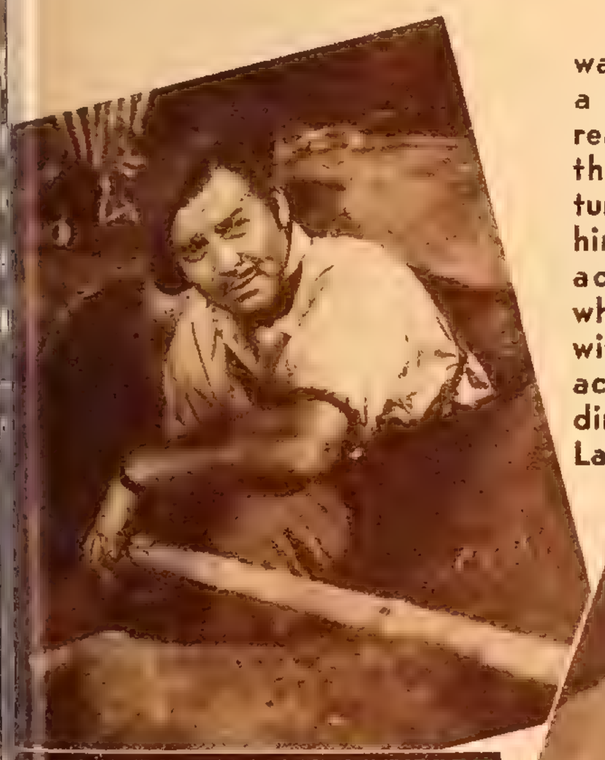
By Romayne

THE picture began again after weeks of many misgivings and many hopes, and the director called the crew together. "Boys, Gable will be back this afternoon—he's coming in to get the feel again—just sit around—and let's not say anything—I mean—oh, hell—you know what I mean!" His eyes were misty as he talked quietly and stumbled around for more words, because he didn't want the boys to misunderstand. Neither did he want Mr. Gable to feel strange. We all gulped. We caught on quick.

Mr. Gable came back. Everybody was so glad to see him it made your throat tighten and you wanted to cry. Lots of the boys did. You had all you could do not to pat him on the back. In their attempt to be inconspicuously nonchalant, several people fell over each other. I wished fervently it would make Mr. Gable feel good that he was back in the swing of things. From that moment nothing interfered with his being on the set before shooting time and working through the long, solid, sometimes weary days that followed. I took off my hat to Mr. Gable!

In the months that have passed, everywhere I've gone people have talked to me. Big people—little people. Important people all because they were identified with an issue that meant a good deal to them. "What's Clark Gable like? How does he act? How does he feel? What's he going to do?" they'd ask. At first I was annoyed. Curiosity, I judged it. But I realized it is the province of the soul to be interested in your fellow man. Not curiosity. *Interest.* It is part of the vast hope and admiration for the courage of one who could easily have gone down had there been less of this interest and this hope to keep him up.

He is a gentleman for whom all who know him and work with him have an appreciation that is akin to wor- *(Please turn to page 68)*



Why Gable always will be not only a great star but a real man is told in this exclusive feature. Pictures show him, left, in character for "Somewhere I'll Find You," with co-star, right, actor Bob Sterling, director Ruggles and Lana Turner, below.

Dorothy Lamour's Deepest Experience

Uncle Sam's Gold-Digging Dottie," they call
er. But the Sheba of the
arong tells you frankly
iat her War Bond tours
ave given her the great-
t emotional experience
her crowded, colorful
e! You'll be torn, as she
as, between tears and
ughter as you read this

By Liza

These exclusive pictures express better than any words the American spirit of today. Dorothy Lamour talked to the men and launched a ship, realizing in the latter event a lifelong ambition. She kept repeating over and over, "Please, God, don't let those Nazis sink this boat."

chance to kiss the man before everything went black."

Now I've seen gold-digging in my day. All the way from Broadway to Vine Street and back. But I've never seen anyone snare a check for two million bucks. Believe me, Miss Dottie is an expert in her line.

"Whatever made you become a gold-digger for Uncle Sam?" I asked her a morning or so after her return. She was having a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs perched high on a stool at a lunch counter in Hollywood. (That's just in case you think movie stars have breakfast in bed between silken sheets. Mercy, child, that's as old hat as Lady Mendl's marabou bed jacket.)

"I feel very close to Honolulu," said Dorothy. "I have visited there many times. Oahu is such a friendly, peace-loving little island, the people are so hospitable and genuine. I know many boys at Hickam Field there. They are my friends. I've talked with them by the hour, and danced with them—we've had lots of fun together. When I heard over the radio what had happened to Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field on December 7th I was so mad I actually saw red. In fact, I smoldered for days afterward. December 10th is my birthday, and that night the West Coast had its first blackout. I sat there in the pitch-black dark thinking. There's not much a woman can do in a war of planes and tanks and guns, I thought. But I just can't sit here smugly and comfortably in Hollywood and twiddle my thumbs when my friends in Honolulu are maimed and bleeding. I've got to *do* something. But what can I do? So then I hit upon the idea of going on a tour for Uncle Sam and urging, to the best of my ability, all patriotic Americans to invest in war bonds. With sufficient money our country can have the best planes and tanks and guns, and those dirty so-and-sos will come crawling to us on their stomachs. I can remind people that in Germany they would not be asked to *lend* their money to the Government—the Government would *take* it."

Dorothy talked it over with her Paramount boss, Frank Freeman, the next morning, and a few days later she was on a train headed for Washington, Philadelphia and New York. She had to return to Hollywood to make "Road to Morocco" with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, but the day the picture was finished, as a matter of fact exactly half an hour after it was finished, she was again on a train, on the first lap of a tour so strenuous that it shouldn't happen to a prize fighter, much less a glamor girl.

"Dottie is the Mary Pickford of World War II," said James Moran of the Treasury Department, who accompanied Dorothy on her bond-selling tour. "Not only is she putting ten per cent of her salary in bonds, but she is donating her time and her talents to the Treasury Department. This means a great deal when you consider that she can draw down $10,000 for public appearances on the stage. The Government is using lots of stars, but Dottie has sold more bonds than anyone else." (Mr. Moran, a large husky guy, worn and weary from constant travel, lack of sleep, irregular meals, jumping on and off trains at ungodly hours, collapsed in Dallas, Texas—and had to be sent to a hospital to recover. In the meantime, little Miss Lamour, a fragile 112 pounds, just kept right on selling bonds.)

That eighty million dollars in war bonds proves beyond a doubt that Dorothy's tour was a great help to the Government. But, incidentally, it was also a great help to Hollywood. (And heaven only knows we can use a little help these days when we are (*Please turn to page 64*)

"LITTLE PINKS WAS ONLY A BUS BOY AT THE CANARY CLUB AND DIDN'T MATTER AT ALL"

THE BIG LITTLE PINKS

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

THEY didn't come any prettier than Gloria Lyons, even on Broadway. When she danced there at the Canary Club it was like seeing an angel pirouetting on a cloud and when she sang, her blue eyes misty as she crooned into the mike, her hair a golden halo of curls over her small pointed face, she could be any man's dream come down to earth, *any man's who didn't know her!*

For her looks were libel plain and simple. She wasn't like that at all. Her smile lied, promising all it did. She was hard and mean and grasping and her disposition something to keep away from. Gloria thought a girl's best friend was a dollar and love was something found only in the higher income brackets. Men were only slot machines to her, with a smile or a pout or a frown the coins to get what she wanted out of them. And the things she wanted were all expensive and glittering and hard. Gloria had no use for softness, unless it was labeled ermine or maybe sable.

Broadway was wise to Gloria. Nicely Nicely Johnson and Horsethief and Professor B. and all those other vague, slightly shady characters hanging around Mindy's Restaurant when they weren't off following the horses

L.F.

"GLORIA COULD BE ANY MAN'S DREAM COME DOWN TO EARTH, ANY MAN'S WHO DIDN'T KNOW HER!"

Damon Runyon's great story of the Broadway bus boy and the blonde night club singer becomes an exciting movie, co-starring Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball

"The Big Street" is an RKO Radio picture, based upon an original story by Damon Runyon, "Little Pinks." Screenplay by Leonard Spiegelgass. Produced by Damon Runyon and directed by Irving Reis. For complete cast turn to Page 85)

Henry Fonda as "Little Pinks" the bus boy gives Barton MacLane as the promoter, *Case Ables,* a dose of his own medicine, in scene at right from "The Big Street," Damon Runyon's racy story of Broadway night life fictionized from the film. Other scenes are highlights from the picture in which Lucille Ball plays a night club entertainer, opposite Fonda.

or anything else that would bring in a dollar they didn't have to work for, didn't have any illusions about her. Case Ables, who might have been called a promoter, if the person calling it weren't too particular, knew all about her too but it didn't make any difference as long as she strung along as his girl. He was like Gloria in that he didn't like softness either, even in his girls. All he asked for in a woman was the sort of good looks that would keep other men envying him and the sort of loyalty that would make her look only at him and in return he gave her bracelets and fur coats and all the other things Gloria preferred to devotion and tenderness and love.

So knowing all about her, no one really in the know on the Big Street lost any sleep that night Ables slapped

her so hard she fell downstairs when he found out she had been flirting with Decatur Reed, the millionaire playboy. Nobody turned a hair when the doctors said she would probably never walk again. Nobody, that is, except Little Pinks. But he was only a bus boy at the Canary Club and didn't matter at all.

His name was really Pinkerton, but no one called him that any more than they would dream of calling Horsethief or Professor B. by their real names, even if they remembered them. Just as most of the time they called Gloria Your Highness, the nickname a furious chorus girl had bestowed on her in a moment of rage. Little Pinks thought it was wonderful, that name. It was the way he thought of Gloria, not in the jibing way the others did but as someone so high, she wasn't of the earth at all but lived among the stars up there in the sky, far above (*Please turn to page 84)*

RED SKELTON'S TENT-SHOW DAYS

By John Lawrence

"Mr. L:
The wind, it blew,
The tent, it fell,
The lightening flashed:
It's raining a spell.
"P.S. If you want me I'm
asleep under the stage.
Red."

THAT message, printed with chalk on the head of a drum, was left for me by a redheaded 14-year-old kid, named Red Skelton. He wrote it one June night, following an Illinois storm that lowered my tent and did other minor damage.

Being no judge of poetry, I do not know if it is good or otherwise, but I do know that every line of it including the postscript, carried a definite subtle answer to remarks that I had made to the boy when I engaged him the previous day. Along with his natural sense of humor, he had a method of letting one believe that he was quite a bit older than his actual

Red Skelton's humor is right out of the living heart of America! While you're laughing at Red in movies and radio you'll be remembering this remarkable story, revealed for the first time by his first boss, of his experience in "rag opry"

age, that is, without having to deliberately tell a falsehood.

"I'm afraid you're not old enough to work," I replied to his question, inquiring if I needed an actor.

"I only have to be 16 to work, don't I?"

His tone and somewhat shocked facial expression implied that he would not think of asking for a job unless he was old enough.

"Sixteen's right! How old are you?"

"Oh, I worked all last summer—wasn't quite old enough when I started, though."

The boy had not yet told me his age so I decided to catch him with the next one: "In school the rest of the time, I suppose, or have you graduated?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I hate to admit it, but I'm a little backward."

Whether it was his clever way of evading my questions or the fact that I was badly in need of a young actor for some juvenile and light comedy parts, I do not know, but I told him that I would let him read a part at rehearsals the following day. I suggested that he had better go over to the hotel and get a room.

"I (*Please turn to page 70)*

How Hedy Lamarr Solves her LOVE Problem!

You girls who think that screen sirens always win should read this story of a great beauty who loved and lost —but still hopes she will find one true love at last!

By Elizabeth Wilson

WITH Hedy Lamarr it's either a feast or a famine. She is either up or down. Way up or way down.

That day I had lunch with her in her dressing room at Metro, Mr. Mayer's Number One Glamor Girl, who proved to the world that she could really act in "Tortilla Flat," breezed in looking like practically anybody except Hedy Lamarr. She had been rehearsing a dance routine for "White Cargo," and she wore a pink scarf tied around her head peasant fashion, a blue and white polka dot blouse, grey pants, and bright red

(Please turn to page 80)

wer of hearts is nothing
to Hedy Lamarr!
en romance with George
tgomery only renewed
old friendship with John
ard (both boys above).
ng page, Hollywood's
t sensational figure as
hite Cargo's "*Tondeleyo!*

By S. R. Mook

Remarkable photographs, first ever made, show Jol Garfield, Warner Bros. star, his wife Roberta, an their daughter Catherine Ann at their home in Lon ridge. Furnished in early American style, it's one the most charming, and unpretentious, homes in th film colony. Note hooked rugs, comfortable chai gay chintzes. On facing page, photograph low center, and at left, below, show windows in bac ground taped for protection in the event of a raids. Photographs by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bro

GARFIELD at HOME

Home life of Hollywood's finest young actor! First, exclusive story and pictures of the John Garfield family

NE of the striking homes of the film colony is the John Garfield place. A board fence runs along the front, privet hedges on the sides. A walk, bordered with rose-bushes, ds from the road to the early American house. The upper story of hand-hewn shingles, the lower of clapboard.

Entering the front door, one steps directly into one of the homiest ing rooms imaginable. It is a large room with oak floors, pegged wn. The fore part of the room is covered with a huge hand-oked rug in soft brown, green and red. At the far end of the om is another smaller rug to match. The walls are done in knotty e and—

"Who are you?" a small voice interrupted my inspection.

I looked down and saw three-year-old Catherine.

"You haven't forgotten me, I hope," I said in my most beguiling nner (which would still cause Mr. Gable no worry). "I'm Dick."

"Mommy!" Catherine screamed, scampering off to the bedroom, ick's here."

I went on with my inspection. The furniture is mostly pine and ple. There are books, books, books, and records and more rec-ds. The easy chairs are covered with blocked linen, except one ge one that is upholstered in checkered gingham—two shades of wn and white. The spinet is pine. The desk is a hand-made, thentic antique of pine that has been rubbed until it glistens like piece of burnished steel. The chair in front of it is Windsor, ne in pine.

The room's most striking feature is the huge fireplace of field-ne, with the opening a little off-center, giving it a very unusual d distinctive appearance. And there are a couple of samplers turing old mottoes—one of which reads, "Home is where the art is."

Robbe (Mrs. Garfield) put in an appearance. "Hello, Dick," she eeted me, "although I shouldn't be speaking to you. You never me out any more." *(Please turn to page 72)*

Lucky JINX!

Most photographed legs—and face, and figure—in the world belong to Jinx Falkenburg. Here's her wacky and wonderful story, which could only happen here!

By Dugal O'Liam

THE Jinx toyed with a meager salad. The Jinx is Jinx Falkenburg, professional model, amateur tennis champion and glamor girl, and it's hardly news when any one of these toys with a salad. Both their reputations and their avoirdupois demand it.

Not with the Jinx, however. She always had eaten like a—like a—yes, like a horse and not a very little horse, either. Four meals a day had been par for her gastronomic course and she'd been doing it as long as she could remember food in any form.

On this day, however, she made only desultory passes at her plate.

"She's in love," whispered Miss Gale Gifford, the press agent who looks like a female Charles Boyer.

"Darned if I'm not," said The Jinx, blandly.

We said "Are you kidding?" because that and "Have fun" is what you're supposed to say in Hollywood when you haven't anything else to say.

"It's the truth." The Jinx was radiant. "The very first time."

Miss Gifford confirmed the statement on all points. "I've known her for four years and it's the very first time," she said.

The Jinx beamed in her dynamic way. There probably isn't a gal in Hollywood with the sheer impact of The Jinx. Whatever she does she does with such verve that she animates the surroundings for three city blocks in every direction. It isn't a jiggling and bouncing animation. It's a radiation, like a perfectly cut diamond.

It developed that the beloved was three thousand miles away. He's a reporter in New York. He's the first newspaper man ever connected romantically with a Hollywood star who wasn't referred to as a columnist and that's another record for The Jinx. It's an infraction of the rules of the Guild of Guys Engaged to Actresses not to be a columnist, but there it is.

Ever since Paul (*Please turn to page 66*)

Title rôle of "Lucky Legs," posed at left. Facing page, Jinx's famous face, AND—

Let's All Laugh A Little, Too!

Take a tip from Jinx Falkenburg and leaven your load with all the gaiety and good humor you can muster—when in search of entertainment visit your favorite movie theater (and don't forget to Buy a Bond while you're there!)

1

2

3

4

5

6

Picture story on facing page portrays puppy love on a park bench posed by Mickey and Tina Thayer exclusively for us.

1. The Approach. First, be casual, indifferent but not too distant. Look at the scenery. Even venture an opinion on the weather.
2. Loosen up! Turn on that old personality, especially if you're the Rooney type. Forget the weather, who cares anyway?
3. Really give! Turn loose with everything you've got. Nine out of ten modern girls are putty in your hands after this.
4. Well, Tina must be that tenth girl. She didn't react exactly as planned. So the Mick resorts to the subtle approach—dignity.
5. It worked! She's thawing out. See that trace of a smile? It's worth the risk of moving closer to find if she means it.
6. She meant it! The Rooney park bench technique succeeds at last. Tina is "overcome"—well, almost. Once more, Mickey wins.

MICKEY'S NEW GAL!

On the screen, we mean, Rooney's latest movie sweetheart is lovely young redheaded Tina Thayer, seen with him for the first time in "A Yank at Eton," in which Mickey plays a typical American boy who finds himself, to his surprise, a student at England's exclusive school

In "The Talk of the Town" with Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman

Columbia Pictures

Rosalind Russell

In "My Sister Eileen" with Brian Aherne and Janet Blair

L. Whitey Schafer

IS SHE THE MOST BEAUTIFU

Photos from
Hal Roach-United A

She's sweet nineteen and quite keen, say the candid Hollywood critics after taking a few not too quick looks at Rosemary La Planche, pictured here in assorted poses. You've seen her pretty face and shapely figure in certain advertisements since she won her beauty crown, and now you'll be seeing her in her first movie. Let us know what you really think of Rosemary!

GIRL IN THE WORLD?

What do you think? Will Rosemary La Planche, present holder of the Atlantic City beauty crown and "Miss America of 1941," be a hit in the movies? She makes screen début in the Hal Roach Western Streamliner, "Prairie Chickens"—and already some fanatics are referring to her as "the new Rita Hayworth"

Rita Hayworth the second? There IS a resemblance, as you gaze at pictures, below and right, of the La Planche gal. At left, she shows animation in this scene from "Prairie Chickens," with Jimmy Rogers, Will's son, and Noah Beery, Jr. Well, what's your verdict? Is Rosemary all set for an important screen career?

Bold, bad Bogey-man! Uh-huh, but strictly for screen purposes. Actually, Humphrey Bogart is a charming, mild-mannered gentleman who enjoys golf, and gardening, and amateur photography, reserving his villainies for studio hours. His latest film, "Casablanca"

Welbourne, Warner Bros.

Back Home from "Location"

The cameraman catches Tyrone Power in an informal pose after the actor returned from New London, Conn., where he made outdoor scenes for his new film, "Crash Dive"

Frank Powolny,
20th Century-Fox

BABY BARRYMORE

Carrying on the family tradition, Diana, youngest of the famous acting clan, is starring in her second motion picture vehicle, "Between Us Girls"

Daughter of the late, great John, niece of Lionel and Ethel, Diana made her movie début in "Eagle Squadron," now follows it with a gay new film in which she runs the emotional gamut from a 12-year-old (right) to young womanhood (right below, with Robert Cummings)—and also tosses in an impression of Queen Victoria (center below).

Photos by Ray Jones.
Universal Pictures

Beware, Carol Bruce!

Better watch out, beautiful! Being the heroine of a Ritz Brothers comedy, as you are in "Off The Beaten Track," is no laughing matter—for the heroine. But the Brothers, and theater audiences, will love it.

Universal Pictures

Siren O'Hara!

The once demure Maureen blossoms forth as an exciting beauty opposite Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan"

ESCAPE from the Mines

Anna Neagle, star of "Wings and the Woman," gives first-hand facts about our British Allies out of her own exciting and interesting experiences

By Fredda Dudley

p her portray the famous flyer, Amy Mollison, "Wings and the Woman," Anna Neagle gained from women working in England's war service.

WAS twilight as Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox emerged from their studio just outside of London, homeward bound. a crossroads a few yards distant they w a company of soldiers surrounding a zzled officer who was scowling over a map. With a glad cry Anna said, "Why—those e *our* soldiers!"

"And you, a subject of the King!" Mr. ilcox teased. "Those are Americans."

"That's what I meant," said Anna, making ee-line for the khaki crowd. If any woman the world was ever bi-national, it is Miss eagle, who loves England and America th the same eager patriotism.

She and Mr. Wilcox invited the entire nerican company into the nearest shop for or whatever, and talked a blue streak. ne boys all knew Anna from her pictures d, all in all, the meeting was replete with light. Incidentally, Anna supplied the oops with the directions they needed—ere are no sign posts or other identifying arks in the whole of England in case some *rechen Sie* wearing a white umbrella ould happen to drop in.

The fact about England which had most tonished the Yanks was the presence of omen in the most *(Continued on page 76)*

STOP

and

LOOK!

WHETHER there remains so much as an infinitesimal spark from the great torch which only a few months ago burned the names of Dolores Del Rio and Orson Welles in romantic headlines, Dolores and Orson alone know. Hollywood today can only speculate on these two, and even Hollywood isn't doing so well at that. This rumorous little city sometimes even ceases to speculate when neither party is around to confirm or deny. And Welles has been busy for months in South America completing a film for the government, while Dolores has been sojourning in Mexico City for almost five months, with nary a word to her Hollywood friends. Notwithstanding, at this writing, Orson Welles' Mercury Productions officially confirm the story that Dolores will play the leading rôle in his next picture to be produced in Mexico, with an all-Mexican cast. And whether there is romance, or ever will be again between the glamorous Latin and the genius Welles, the fact remains that because they once met we and Latin America will be better neighbors this year.

But I'm going to let Dolores tell you about it, as she told me, just two days before she left for Mexico City. Her own language, like her beauty, is vivid. Once having heard her talk, you'd need no urging to listen a second time, any more than you need urging to stop and look at her face. Each has the same arresting color and warmth. Each reflects a vigorous mind and an honest spirit. Each repays attention.

She started by remembering the first Hollywood party she attended. "People asked me, 'How does it feel to wear a hat?'" Her brows go up. "At a great Hollywood party, this is what they asked me! 'What do you mean?' I said. 'What do you think we wear on our heads? Flowers? Feathers? A shawl?' Then they asked me, 'What are you, Spanish?' I said, 'No, I am Mexican.' They looked as if to be Mexican is not very glamorous or whatever you want to call it—as if perhaps it would be an insult to call you Mexican.

"But I am the third generation born in Mexico and I am very Mexican, and it troubled me that there should be these

wrong ideas. So to everybody I met, and to all the interviewers and magazines, I said always, *Mexican* actress, never Spanish actress! And on personal appearances I talked about Mexico, and they saw that, though I am Mexican, my hair wasn't standing up like this and—well, that I was a person more or less nice, or how to say it without conceit?

"Then, as I loved Mexico very dearly, so I came to love the United States. Loving these two countries, I wanted friendship and understanding between them and between all the people on this continent, for the South American peoples are much like my own. It became my dream to work for this thing. I always felt that we on this continent are the people of tomorrow, and whatever is coming for tomorrow, it will come from us, therefore we must stay together. Many feel that way today who didn't yesterday, but I have felt it for a long time.

"The Mexican picture came out of this feeling. After meeting Mr. Welles, I found that he felt about the whole thing as I did. I talked to him about making a picture that would be all made in Mexico. He became interested the first time we talked. He loved the subject. So I gave him so many books I had collected all my life, and he devoured them. He spent hours studying maps. I told him all I could think to tell about my people. I *know* these people. I love them. They are so simple and so great. As a child, I spent all my holidays among them. Ever since my family came long ago from Spain, they have been farmers and owned land. Though I was raised in Mexico City, I went for all my vacations to the country. When I ask the Indians, how has been the weather, has it helped the crops, it's not just to ask without caring. I know what I'm talking about, and I care very much.

(Continued on page 62)

LISTEN *(ssh-ssh!)* to DEL RIO

Whether there will ever again be romance between the glamorous Dolores and the genius Orson Welles, the fact remains that because they once met and loved, we and Latin America will be better neighbors!

By Ida Zeitlin

Del Rio, most beautiful of all the Latin stars, makes her movie come-back in "Journey into Fear." Scene at left shows Dolores with producer-director Welles who also acts in the picture; and, at far left, with leading man Joseph Cotten.

TIPS FOR LIPS

Claudette Colbert's mobile mouth was made for laughter. It is gay, warm, friendly. Hedy Lamarr's lips express, almost without speech. Hers are lips of silent eloquence. Vivien Leigh has a dainty, feminine, unpredictable mouth, but strong, determined.

Marlene Dietrich's mouth sounds the siren note. You expect strange, exotic words. Dorothy Lamour has a resourceful mouth, dependable, able to cope with a day's problems. Bette Davis' dramatic mouth is surprising; words are gentle, sweet; strong and stinging.

THE world has traveled a long distance since the day when violet eyes and a rosebud mouth marked one for beauty. We have come to measure beauty on such a grand and sweeping scale that it is no longer possible for the most astute critics to set any rules, except this very simple one: Beauty is a quality of harmony. You should blend; you should go together, so to speak, pleasingly, with no jarring notes in color, shape or design. You ought to balance and be in proportion. For color harmony, pause and think how cosmetic manufacturers have worked in this respect; how fashion designers have advanced in the use of color and line, too.

For your own face, however, line is left somewhat in your own hands unless you follow closely the pattern of Mother Nature. Yet, your own good judgment has probably proved what a beauty benefit may result from a little gentle tampering with line, enlarging tiny lips just a fraction of an inch, for example, expanding them into a hearty, friendly smile when their relaxed expression might suggest remoteness, coldness and so on.

Many things about ourselves we must accept with limitations—height, for example, or color of hair or eyes, unless we go far afield on the hair matter. But lips are a revealing source for experimentation, and you need be no expert to create certainly an attractive, if not strictly beautiful, mouth from an ordinary pair of lips. The experimentation begins with the purchase of a new lipstick. It may be some old favorite that has held your allegiance for a long time or one that is brand new to your lips. A new lipstick is suggested for psychological reasons—you will do a better, more careful job with it! Next to a new hat, a new lipstick is a wonderful "tonic" for more care and more interest in yourself. And care and interest are just the qualities you need every time you attempt to improve, yourself or anything else.

When you have the fresh lipstick, follow these simple rules for a lovelier mouth. Be sure your lips are very clean, no edges of old rouge left, no little film of cleansing cream. My experience is that lips washed with soap and water are the clear, clean background you need for the best use of lipstick. Even if you cleanse the rest of your face with cream, one soapy finger can wash and rinse your lips to make them free of any trace of cream. There is a prevalent habit of applying a trace of cream or white Vaseline to lips before the lipstick, to give an extra lustre and to keep lips soft. This practice is good if you are sitting for a picture or if you are going to make a "picture" of yourself at any social gathering. It is not too good if you are going to dine, if you smoke or if you have a cold and use a handkerchief for the reason that the base makes your lipstick oilier, more prone to being marred whenever you use your lips. The average lipstick has good lustre and the base is creamy and soft enough for protection from elements. If lips are especially sensitive, use an emollient, as suggested above, when you go to bed at night.

Actual art work on your lips is controlled by the color you choose and by the outline. Color is a very individual problem, and the best one who does not see you can do is to make general suggestions. This is the day of the gay, alive lipstick—the true red; the red with a tiny bit of blue in it which is softening and flattering to the skin of many, and the red with just

What contributes to lovely lips? The correct lipstick for you, your smile, power of expressiveness, the words you speak!

By

Courtenay Marvin

tiny bit of yellow, lovely with golden
n skins. The soft, younger, rose tints
e lovely for the youthful and for the fair-
inned. But gone are the deep purplish
its, the orange and pinks with so much
ue they resembled nothing like Nature.
oday, the beauty trend in all things is
ward looking alert and alive, efficient
d up on your toes, like a girl who could
ckle anything she had to and do it well.
his is not only the look of Victory, but
e spirit of Victory, and it sacrifices
thing of feminine charm.

As to shaping, perhaps your lips are
turally good. Then you have no real
oblem except to add a dash of glamor
color. For those who are uncertain, one
ight manufacturer has taken a long step
help you. As a companion to a well-
own lipstick comes a transparent "pat-
rn" for the six interesting mouths shown
this page. You can snip the lips apart,
everyone of them over your own mouth,
cide which pair or pairs are the most
ttering, then proceed with your art work.

The lip shapes are inspired by Holly-
ood. Since they resemble the lips of
me of our most brilliant stars, they are
own in design and a star lip type has
en chosen to illustrate the full force of
ese lips.

There is animated Claudette Colbert,
ldom seen without a smile. Her mouth
pe, long, mobile, is a lovely mouth for
e girl who smiles. In fact, it is the ir-
sistible kind. Years ago, I met Miss
lbert. She had a cold and was all
rapped up in a blue lounging robe. She
ughingly commented at the time that she
as certainly no subject for beauty just
en. But she really was, for it would take
ore than a cold to rob her eyes of their
arkle or to take that vivacious smile from
r lips. If you are animated, if your face
expressive and your smile a big, warm
e, here is a laughing mouth for you.

Miss Colbert has spoken many gay,
phisticated quips on the screen and many
odern aphorisms are worth quoting, but
view of the turn-about the world has
dergone, she thinks the word, "serve,"
e of the most virile, important words she
s uttered, because she devotes much time
canteen work for our armed forces.
here is genuine, feminine satisfaction in
eding hungry soldiers and sailors and
arines, and Miss Colbert expresses a
llant spirit of today in these words,
Serve—and serve with a smile."

Hedy Lamarr's seductive mouth is har-
onious with her somnolent beauty. This
the mouth of subdued eloquence, the
outh that suggests rather than speaks.
is soft, sympathetic, truly feminine. I
member this mouth very well at a British
lief benefit before Pearl Harbor. Helen
ayes, Laurence Olivier and Hedy Lamarr
ere guests of honor. Miss Lamarr did
t speak, but she stood there under the
ags of Britain, in a simply tailored blue
it, with eyes and mouth recognizable
ywhere as Hedy Lamarr's.

Vivien Leigh has a small, beautifully bal-
ced mouth, definitely feminine and un-
edictable. She can use it for soft, cajoling
rsuasion or for words of fireball intensity.
ou will recognize this from her magnifi-
nt screen work in "Gone With the Wind."
have heard more than one girl say that
e learned a lesson from *Scarlett O'Hara*.
et me say that I inquired as to the les-
on with trepidation. However, the lesson
emed to be that determination plays a
reat rôle in whatever we strive for. It
ems to me that the scene showing *Scar-
tt* on her ravaged plantation, working the
il with her hands and swearing she would
ver go hungry again is memorable. For
e truly feminine type, hellion and angel
mbined, here are your lips.

(*Please turn to page 82*)

Yours for Loveliness

Suggestions for meeting the Fall with more fun, more fashion and a fascinating face!

IN AUTUMN, do you still have Summer hair? That is, is it dry, brittle, harsh to touch and hard to arrange? For Summer hair and all hair, I have a happy solution for extra softness, silkiness and lustre, and also for hair that is manageable. It is Special Drene, with added hair conditioner. It washes so clean, it rinses so easily, leaving no dimming film, and hair looks so bright and beautiful afterwards. Use it at home or ask for it in your salon. This cleanser and brushing are practical hair beauty care.

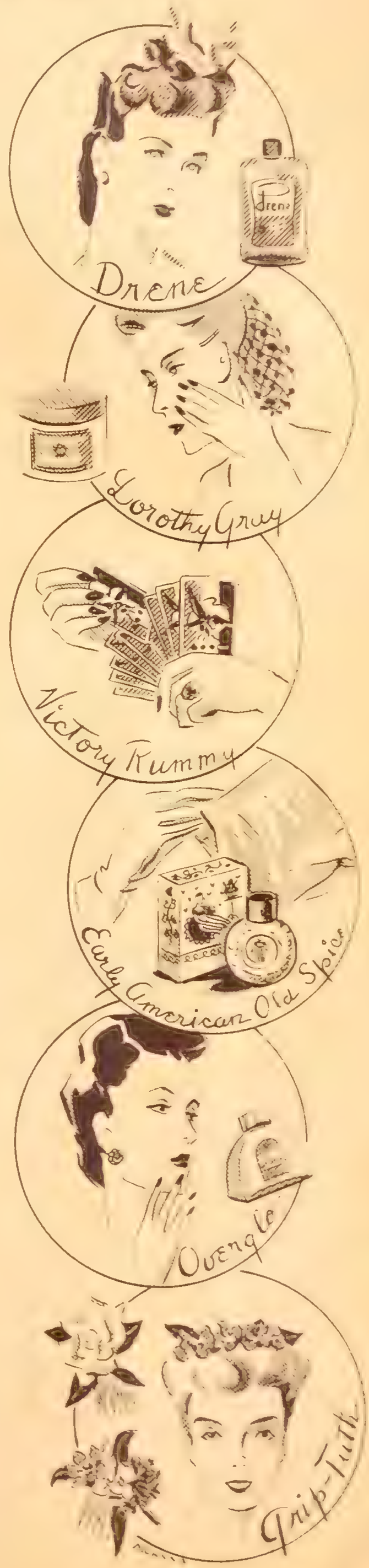
BARGAIN in beauty—good news for all! Watch in your own locality for the special sale on the Dorothy Gray cleansing creams for a limited time. The large eight ounce jars, usually $2, go on sale for $1. There are three types of splendid cleansers —Salon Cold Cream, fluffy, designed for average or combination skin types and fine for young skins. Then, there's Dry Skin Cleanser, with beneficial vegetable oils, ideal for the inclined-to-dryness skins, good year-around cleanser; Liquefying Cleansing Cream, for oily or coarse skins.

A DECK of Victory Rummy cards, and you are in for a wow of a good time. There are suspense and good, hearty excitement in the game, and everyone, young or old, will enjoy it, for it moves with speed. The game is based on 63 cards showing the Victory code, three dots, a dash and a V, and caricature Axis cards, and so the game consists of victories and captures. If you want home entertainment that is spirited and competitive, then it's Victory Rummy for you. The game ought to make a welcome gift for the boys in camp

AN OLD-FASHIONED "accessory" takes on a new fashion value today, what with the world being as it is—smelling salts. Shulton has brought out the precious little bottle sketched, filled with a heady, refreshing and invigorating Old Spice smelling salts. A sniff when you are in crowds, a dense atmosphere, when you have a headache or feel all done in helps "revive" you in a flash. Revert to the lavender and old lace tradition and slip this first-aider in your bag. You'll find use for it. A Christmas gift idea, too.

OVERGLO is a new liquid foundation cream by the House of Westmore, with orchids to its credit. It is designed for street wear, and its use produces that lovely, natural gleam of healthy, young skin, since it brings out the overtones of your own. It is easy to apply and economical, and is a refined and modified version of a product used by the famous Westmores in Technicolor pictures for the last several years. There is a beneficial as well as beautifying result from Overglo—it protects. In drug and department stores.

PRACTICALLY every smart girl who gives a hang about her hair uses those little Grip-Tuth hair retainers, but in case you hadn't heard, they are a kind of coiffure "insurance." The unusual design of the spring tooth action grips and hair stays put There is a correct size for your coiffure, a color to match your hair. A fancy version, Fasenette has a clasp to hold bows or flowers. Three available styles are shown, or make your own. Courtenay Marvin



Soft

Shoulder charms! Presenting, this page, 1: Adele Mara. 2: Janet Blair. 3: Marion Hall. 4: Ann Sothern.

1

3

Shoulders

Shapely shrugs, here, from 5: Evelyn Keyes. 6: Beth Drake. 7: Leslie Brooks. 8: Peggy Diggins.

5

7

8

5

What's A Man TO DO?

George Montgomery seems to be doing all right! Judging from these two very different love scenes from his latest picture, "Orchestra Wives," George's screen technique is terrific. Ann Rutherford, above, and Lynn Bari, right, respond to his advances gracefully and gladly—it's all in accord with the script

HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION

Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

MRS. MINIVER—*M-G-M.* Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon, splendid as the husband.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—*RKO.* Orson Welles has made a fascinating film from Booth Tarkington's novel about the disintegrating family whose spoiled young heir wrecks his mother's romance. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Tim Holt score.

HOLIDAY INN—*Paramount.* This Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape from the doldrums. It is a grand show with new Irving Berlin tunes and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances charmingly.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—*Warners.* This story of George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

BAMBI—*Disney-RKO.* Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer, Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

EAGLE SQUADRON—*Wanger-Universal.* This timely drama, dedicated to those gallant men who have helped make recent history, will hold your interest in spite of disjointed plot and ineffective characterizations. Has exciting actual scenes of aerial combat. Cast has Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack, John Loder, Jon Hall, Leif Erikson.

THIS ABOVE ALL—*20th Century-Fox.* Here is a picture to tear your emotions to shreds. It's the film version of Eric Knight's best-selling novel about England in this war. Joan Fontaine gives a beautiful performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—*Paramount.* Lusty melodrama about a ruthless killer and how he atones by catching up with fifth columnists. Plenty of excitement. Its fast and furious action will have you on the edge of your seat. Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, but newcomer Alan Ladd steals the show. Don't miss it.

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI—*20th Century-Fox.* Why the Marines have commanded the respect of the world, their training, responsibilities, recreation, and the high ideals of the Marine Corps are rousingly presented. Swell and exciting entertainment. John Payne, as the cocky private, Randolph Scott, as the sergeant, Maureen O'Hara, as the nurse, all excellent.

MY GAL SAL—*20th Century-Fox.* This picture, based on the career of the late Paul Dresser, ballad-writer, is an enchanting escape from today's troubles. Rita Hayworth, its star, gorgeously costumed as a Gay Nineties belle, is a vision in color; Victor Mature, good as the song-writing hero. The star-studded cast also has Carole Landis, John Sutton, James Gleason, Walter Catlett, Mona Maris.

REAP THE WILD WIND—*Paramount.* Spectacular, thrilling. Cecil B. DeMille melodrama. It has adventure, romance, and a lot of American history of a century ago when pirate wreckers ruled the Florida keys. Never a let-up in the breathless action and the love scenes are exciting. Paulette Goddard gives a fiery performance. John Wayne, Ray Milland, excellent as her two suitors.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE—*Paramount.* This combination of Bob Hope better than ever and beautiful Madeleine Carroll will appeal to everybody. The plot involves Hope in a ring of Nazi spies with a gorgeous blonde British agent against a background of crazy and screamingly funny misadventures. Has suspense, too.

TORTILLA FLAT—*M-G-M.* John Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California. You must see the picture, for it is a cinema masterpiece. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, excellent in their rôles; Hedy Lamarr, a fiery human being as the girl in the story.

IN THIS OUR LIFE—*Warners.* The story of two sisters and the havoc wrought when the bad one steals her sister's husband, has Bette Davis at her most menacing and neurotic. Bette does a good job of making you loathe the bad sister, with Olivia de Havilland in the sympathetic rôle. George Brent, Dennis Morgan, the leading men.

THE GOLD RUSH—*United Artists.* Charlie Chaplin's film of "the little fellow" who goes prospecting and his comic misadventures. Everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh and those kids who have never seen Charlie, will want to see it.

SABOTEUR—*Universal.* Latest Alfred Hitchcock production. Bob Cummings, exciting as the defense-plant worker who has to clear himself of a sabotage charge; Priscilla Lane, charming as the girl who helps him run the saboteurs to ground; Otto Kruger, fine as a suavely sinister spy. Fun and thrills.

THE GAY SISTERS—*Warners.* The story of three sisters (Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman) fighting for their inheritance. Plot has unusual twists and turns which even the smart guessers won't anticipate, and which atone for the tedium of some scenes. Girls are excellent; but Gig Young, a newcomer, strolls away with the picture.

LADY IN A JAM—*Universal.* Irene Dunne, as the wacky heiress who squanders a fortune, again proves what a fine comedienne she is. Its many chuckles, with some good hearty laughs and not-too-deep plot, make this picture a real gloom chaser. Patric Knowles and Ralph Bellamy are in it.

TAKE A LETTER DARLING—*Paramount.* This comedy romance which is gay and fastpaced reverses the order of male boss-attractive girl secretary, with Rosalind Russell playing the big business executive who hires Fred MacMurray as her secretary. Sparkling dialogue and clever situations make it good entertainment.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—*Edward Small-U.A.* A comedy drama about the effects of the first World War on two German-born Americans, splendidly portrayed by Charles Winninger and Charlie Ruggles. It's set in an outdated era and action is limited because it's a conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—*20th Century-Fox.* Stirring film about West Point's early days and the fight to preserve the Military Academy. Traditions, interwoven with humor, romance, and thrills, make it an exciting drama. Fine cast has George Montgomery, John Sutton, Maureen O'Hara, Laird Cregar.

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—*Paramount.* This fantastic tale about a jungle waif who tries to prove her inheritance right is escapist hokum. Has exciting animal scenes, comedy and romantic sequences. Dorothy Lamour again wears a sarong. Richard Denning, screen's new handsome blond leading man, is in it, too.

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER—*Columbia.* There's no limit to the kidding dished out to the Gestapo in this satire on the Nazis, but it is so overdone it can only be classed as slapstick comedy. Franchot Tone plays an RAF flyer who, stranded in Holland, hides in Joan Bennett's home and falls in love with her.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—*Warners.* Exciting, thrilling spy drama. Humphrey Bogart does a fine piece of acting as an Army officer who is dismissed from service so he may work for the Army Secret Service and heroically foils the enemy's plans. Mary Astor, good as the girl.

RIO RITA—*M-G-M.* Saboteurs are written into the plot of this new version of the familiar stage and screen show, but Lou Costello and Bud Abbott, with their uproarious antics, foil the spies. They're funnier than ever. John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson are good as the singing sweethearts.

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK—*Korda-U. A.* For children of every age. Rudyard Kipling's fantasy, the story of *Mowgli,* the Indian boy who wandered into the jungle to be reared by the wolves, filmed in brilliant Technicolor. As *Mowgli,* Sabu's sincerity shines through his work and makes it refreshing entertainment.

SHIP AHOY—*M-G-M.* Lively, entertaining screen musical. A lot of good laughs—inspired by the screen's funniest man, Red Skelton, and new dance routines by Eleanor Powell, so you won't mind if the plot is far-fetched and unconvincing.

MOONTIDE—*20th Century-Fox.* If you saw Gabin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Gallic panic for the first time, you'd better catch this. Gabin's great magnetism dominates this dull story about a hard-drinking dockhand who is reformed by the waif he rescues. Ida Lupino, fine as the waif.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY—*Paramount.* Sentimental saga of the Early West. The story of *Ethan Hoyt,* founder of Hoyt City. Flashback method of telling the story slows it up a bit, but splendid performances by Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea make it worth your while.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—*M-G-M.* MacDonald-Eddy fans will like this gay musical fantasy about a Budapest playboy who dreams he marries an angel. Jeanette and Eddy render lilting Rogers and Hart tunes in excellent voice.

THE SPOILERS—*Universal.* Exciting new film version of Rex Beach's red-blooded saga of Klondike gold rush days. Highlight is the fight between John Wayne and Randolph Scott, which is the biggest, most realistic and brutal fist fight ever filmed. Marlene Dietrich excellent as the barroom queen.

SUICIDE SQUADRON—*Republic.* A moving war drama about a concert pianist, member of the Polish air force, who is parted from his American wife when she tries to keep him from rejoining a suicide squadron. Anton Walbrook, magnificent as the pianist-flyer; Sally Gray, good. Air scenes, thrilling; fine musical score.

TWIN BEDS—*United Artists.* This bedroom farce is given a timely touch by having the wife (Joan Bennett) neglect her hubby (George Brent) in favor of her USO work. Bennett and Brent, good, but Mischa Auer steals top honors as a romantic Russian. Repetitious, but screamingly funny.

JUKE GIRL—*Warners.* This picture is about migrant farm workers in a Florida town at crop-picking time. Ann Sheridan is seen as the juke joint dancer who loves Ronald Reagan. Murder, mob fury, attempted lynchings furnish the action. Richard Whorf is in it. Acting, good throughout.

BROADWAY—*Universal.* Melodrama of the roaring '20's which follows the life of George Raft, with George, as himself, telling about the old days and how he became a Broadway hoofer. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, good as his partner. Has old favorite tunes and well-done dance routines.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—*20th Century-Fox.* Trite, romantic comedy with Gene Tierney playing a shop-girl who is transformed into an attractive lure to help fleece wealthy men. Henry Fonda is one of her victims, but love sets in. Has some spicy dialogue, and Gene is positively disturbing in some of the bathing suit scenes.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—*M-G-M.* Red Skelton is *Maisie's* (Ann Sothern) man in the latest of this popular comedy series in which Ann plays a show girl who teams up with Red, amateur vaudevillian, who gets stage-fright on opening night. That scene alone is worth your time and money, but the rest is corny comedy.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—*United Artists.* The story, concerning a poor little girl and her "romance" with a rich boy, despite his family's disapproval, is too trite and not true enough for Shirley Temple, its star. Shirley's first movie rug-cutting is more fun than her first screen kiss. Supporting cast has: Dickie Moore, Guy Kibbee, William Gargan.

MY FAVORITE SPY—*RKO.* A spy comedy with Kay Kyser playing a dumb band-leader who is called to Army service on his wedding day and made an espionage agent. His efforts become amusingly complicated when he can't explain his actions to his bride. Ellen Drew and Jane Wyman, good, but we missed Ginny Simms, and didn't get enough of Kay's band. Not our favorite Kyser film.

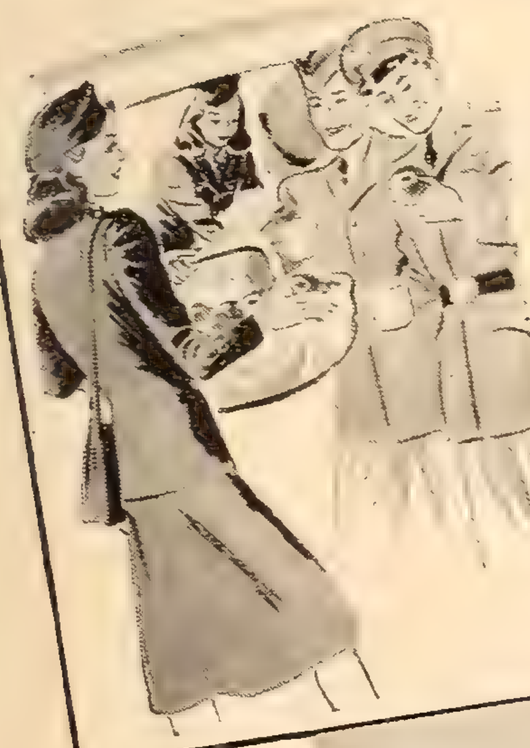
TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—*M-G-M.* Tarzan's latest adventures take him to the big city. In addition to the jungle animals and the usual swinging from treetops, Tarzan thrills you with leaps from skyscrapers and does a Steve Brodie off Brooklyn Bridge. Too fantastic for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.

CANTEEN-JOB TESTED

" AFTER A WHOLE WEEK OF K.P. DUTY I DIDN'T NEED A MANICURE "

Beatrice Mann

NEW CUTEX ALERT RIGHT AFTER MANICURE



"Rolling sandwiches and rolling out in a mobile canteen to the boys on sentry duty . . . leaves little time for manicuring!" says Beatrice Mann. "Cutex is a lifesaver. Imagine 30 hours a week as cook-and-bottle-washer without a manicure!"

SAME HAND DAZZLING THE DOUGHBOYS 7 DAYS LATER

A week later Beatrice's polish is still dazzling the armed forces! Try Cutex Alert, Young Red, Saddle Brown, Black Red or Gingerbread! Their beauty lasts on war-busy hands! Only 10c (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

Wear **CUTEX** THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

Stop! Look! and Listen (ssh-ssh!) to Del Rio

Continued from page 53

"I am looking forward so much to going back now. I talk with everybody. I have long conversations with waiters and taxi-drivers and stewards on boats. I go to good restaurants, yes, but also to tiny out-of-the-way places. I like to see the best cabarets, but all the dives, too. I love to travel through the little villages. They know me, because at some time or other they have all seen me in some picture in some funny little theater. They have affection for me, I am proud to say, because I belong to them. There is no feeling that I'm a motion picture star. Dolores they call me, never Senorita Del Rio, always Dolores—or Lolita, which is little Dolores. And I love it terribly.

"I stay at somebody's house, the mayor's perhaps, and that night there is always fiesta. Every little town, I don't care how tiny, has a little orchestra, and for the smallest excuse everybody comes together to sing and dance. I dance along with them, whether I know the steps or not. They dance as one ought to dance, for the joy of it. In night clubs there is so much of that showing-off thing, which I hate. People have to see your pretty gown or you have to dance with some important man, who is probably a terrible dancer and steps on your feet. We have lost the true spirit of dancing. To capture it, one must dance with these people. You have that spirit in this country, too, you know where? In barn dancing—in the little places where they dance all evening with their funny little orchestras. But we others, we have complicated our lives and lost so much in ourselves that is good and true."

So Dolores talked to Orson about her people till he saw them through her eyes and knew them with her heart, and last year he found time among his myriad activities to write the script for the picture she'd been dreaming of. Her dark eyes glowed with happiness as she told about it.

"It will show this country what we are all about—our politics, our government, our way of life—beautiful homes in Mexico City and little Indian villages—diplomats in ballrooms and farmers on market-day—a picture of how we feel and what we think—and at the same time an exciting melodrama. Because it's the story of a Nazi plot, and the dangers of Nazi intrigue, and what the Axis can do to us if they ever get hold of us, and how everything we have worked so hard for and shed so much tears and blood for, can be taken from us. We will be saying *that* to Mexico and to all the South American countries, and to the United States we will be saying, 'We want what you want, we love what you love, what does it matter if background, if language is different, since our hearts talk the same language.'"

Welles planned to direct it with Del Rio in the rôle of the girl patriot. But first, he had "Journey into Fear" to complete. The casting of Dolores in the rôle of the dancer in that picture is a heretofore untold and interesting story. For it was not Welles who thought of her for the part at all, but his director, Norman Foster. They'd been searching for months for the right type, when Norman approached Dolores with the idea of making a test. She said "No, she certainly wouldn't." For five days she certainly wouldn't. The thought terrified her. It wasn't a straight part, as she had always played, but a characterization. She couldn't play a characterization. Besides, she was too full of the Mexican picture, she didn't want to think about anything else.

On the sixth day she decided to make the test, which she knew would be perfectly horrible and they'd leave her in peace. Instead, she was called to work the next morning.

Dolores left for Mexico without having seen one single rush from the picture. "I was forbidden," she told me. "And with Mr. Welles there is no use arguing. Besides, he knows best. He was afraid if I saw myself I might want to look beautiful or glamorous, and what I look like in the picture has no importance at all. I play almost the entire thing in a very, very old and dirty raincoat. You see, I always felt I had to rely on my looks, whatever they are. If they think I don't, it's a great compliment really, and I give the looks up very happily for the part. I liked doing it—and I hope it will be a good picture."

Apparently Mr. Welles thought it was—and *very* good, too, for when Washington sent for him to go to South America to bring back a living document of the people of our sister republic, he handed the reins of the Mexican picture over to Norman Foster. The word is, that Foster will take off this Fall with his leading man, Franchot Tone, the rest of his cast and crew, to join their leading lady in Mexico.

Whatever the personal misunderstandings between Del Rio and Welles, here must be proof that their professional respect and admiration for one another has not been influenced. Welles wrote the story originally for Dolores, and he has utter confidence that she will play it as she has no other rôle in her life.

Those who know Dolores know she concerns herself with her own pattern of life. She is never confused—or stubborn. So deep is her wisdom, her philosophy, that she counts nothing in life, and certainly nothing in life today—of dependable or inescapable permanence.

She is an intelligent young woman, this Del Rio, with a thoughtful, trained mind of unfailing interest. She has a boundless knowledge of art—with a Master's degree from the University of Mexico. She speaks six languages — English, Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese and German. She has a wide understanding of international politics and affairs. She is practically an authority on religious history, and on literature. She has a passion for music, has been collecting records for years. Her special delight is in the rare and strange. Little by little, here and there, she has gathered a library of famous voices like Bernhardt's—and another library from far-off lands, the music of Egypt and India and the Belgian Congo, the tribal chants of Africa and the Incas, Chinese instruments and melodies from the South Seas.

"And talking," Dolores told me, "isn't the least of my interests. I love to talk!" She believes that moderns are in danger of losing the art of conversation.

"Conversation with thinking people gives an excitement which one cannot get any other way. If my conversation with an interesting person stimulates me not at all, then I know I am the one at fault. If I'm bored in such a conversation, I'm sure it is that I have not been too interesting myself. You must give something to life if you want its rewards. Is it not the same in conversation?

"Otherwise there is a mental stagnation—and there you have the root of *all* boredom. I say of boredom, 'It is the alibi for a lazy mind.' So I refuse to be bored. All my life I've refused to be bored. When, after my young marriage, I was mistress of a well servanted house which I had been educated to run smoothly, with only social engagements to occupy my mind I enrolled in the university. I wasn't bored then! No one in the circle in which I moved in Mexico City had ever heard of such a thing. It was 'shocking'—it was 'scandalous!' But I assure you it wasn't boring! There I studied art and history, and found the romance of past ages. There I learned to think. If one's mind is thoughtful, much of security gets left behind. But surely it is worth it. It means adventure, excitement, new fields to explore.

"Oh yes, nothing is so cruel as boredom! And it's such a waste of precious time—a waste of time which is serious, too. It etches upon one's face such lines of discontent—because it has planted discontent within.

"I'm sure that boredom comes, too, from thinking too much of ourselves. I do not think I have known a completely unselfish person to be bored. Have you? And today one cannot be bored without admitting to being repulsively selfish. Today in every land the hearts of people are aching with fear or loss of loved ones. And it is necessary that we be realistic. In the countries where we can think for ourselves, and where we know the blessing of governments which allow us to think for ourselves, we know that the end is not yet in sight. We do not delude ourselves. Before us lie new experiences of courage. Only in fertile imaginations can we see what it will be—an experience of sacrifice such as we have never known. It means such willing adjustments as we would not believe possible. It will give to life new meanings—great new appreciations—vast new harmonies. I do not like to think so much of us as I like to feel a part of what we are doing that is right for all people. The little ones who cannot fight. The little ones who are afraid. The ones who do not yet have the chance to grow strong as we are strong.

"I do not believe when we are victorious we will need to be spent from our struggle. We will only have proved how deep is our strength to meet the problems of tomorrow. This knowledge is in us in this western hemisphere. So is the dedication which goes with such knowing. And after all, is it not so that only what one knows one really possesses?"

This should give some indication that listening to Del Rio is an experience to hold one's imagination. There are no closed doors in her mind. And the loveliest beauty of Latin America proves a worthy ambassadress. We've all been stopped by her glamor. We've all looked upon her Helen of Troy face. It took the man from Mars to listen to her. And because he did—well, as I said before, we and Latin America may be better neighbors.

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES Month at all movie theaters! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

"I was <u>that</u> close to JOAN BENNETT!"

STAR OF
20TH CENTURY-FOX'S
"GIRL TROUBLE"

"And, my dear, she has the <u>love</u>-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think...

"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and...

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully *fresh*—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

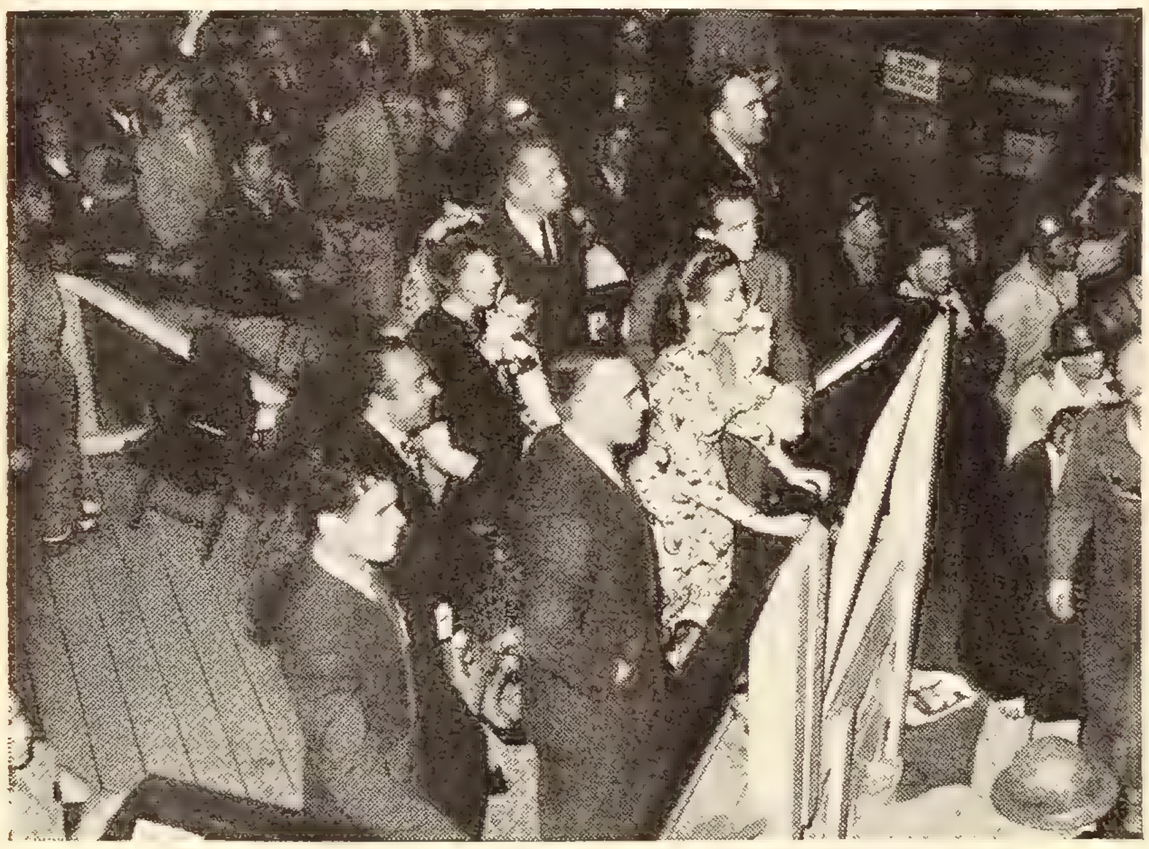
It's PURE
It's MILD
It has ACTIVE lather

Dorothy Lamour's Deepest Experience

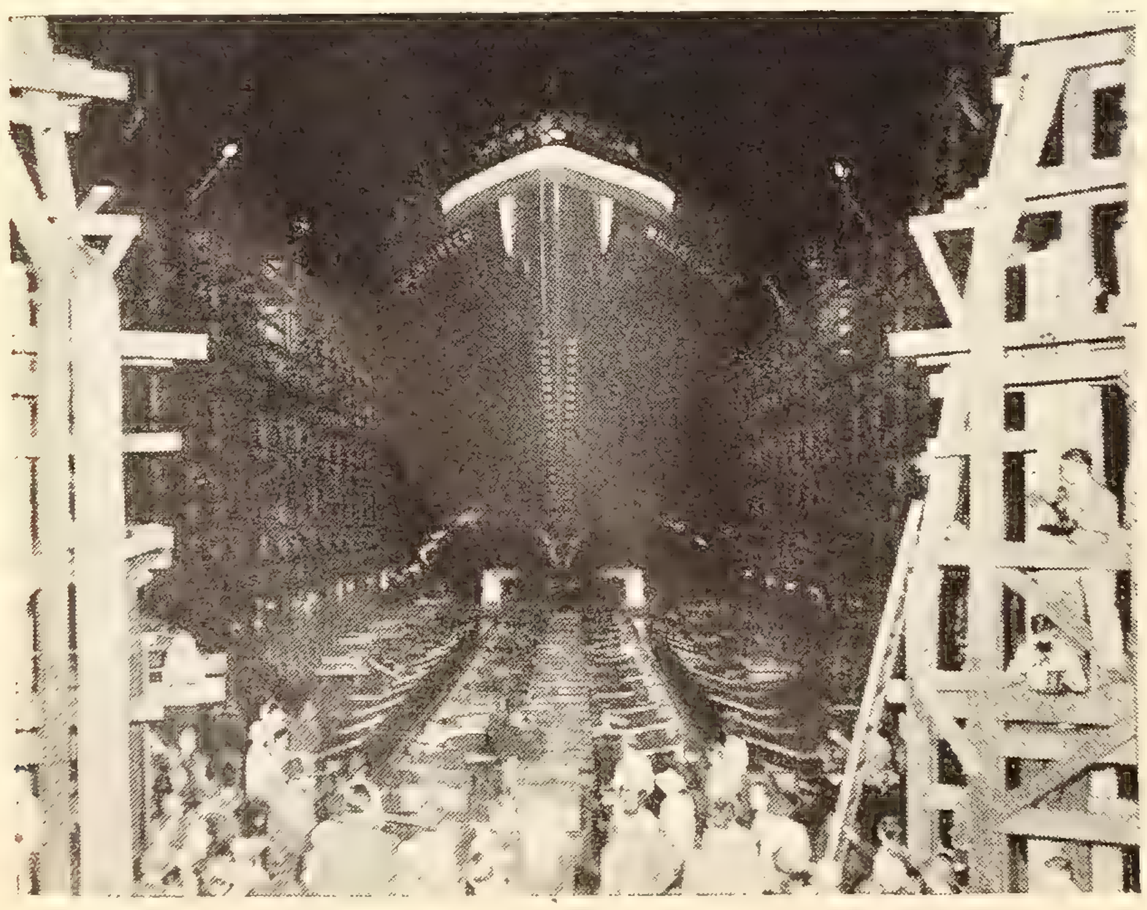
Continued from page 23

more sinned against than sinning.) People around the country have very strange ideas about Hollywood and Hollywood movie stars. It seems they had expected Dorothy ("the sheba of the sarong") to arrive dripping with silver fox and diamond bracelets, putting on more airs than a Newport dowager, and making more mistakes than the addle-pated *Mrs. Malaprop*. Naturally, they expected her to have an entourage of a maid, a hairdresser, a secretary, and a liveried chauffeur to carry the iced champagne. Actually, Dorothy travelled alone, except for Kathleen Coghlan, her best friend, and Mr. Moran of the Treasury Department. The only thing she dripped was perspiration, deep in the heart of Texas. She was dressed simply, without even a ruffle, and with no more airs than a friendly kitten. And even Senators Wheeler and Nye would have to admit that what she said made sense—plenty of sense.

Dorothy Lamour, left, cracks a bottle of champagne on the bow of the S. S. Willis Van De Vanter of the Merchant Marine while Kathleen Coghlan acts as "flower girl" for the very impressive occasion.



In helping launch the new ship, Miss Lamour satisfied a lifelong wish. Dorothy has just christened the ship and, with the others who witnessed ceremony, she watches the boat take to the sea.



It's a stirring moment at the Calship Yards as the S. S. Van De Vanter slides down the ways. Dorothy has never been happier or prouder of any movie rôle than she was acting as the ship's sponsor.

The two girls took turns doing the washing at nights, and hung undies and stockings out to dry in hotel rooms, or on trains, where they spent most of their nights. The only time Dorothy got her dander up during the entire tour was in Huntington, West Virginia, when she overheard two matrons picking her to pieces. "And those hands," one said to the other, "and look at those nails, will you! But no wonder she has such nice nails. After all, *she* never has to do a lick of work."

"I glared at them," said Dorothy, "and I was just about to snap, 'What do you mean, no work? I'll have you know I just did a week's laundry at two o'clock this morning!' But just then I remembered that I'm supposed to be a lady."

She endeared herself to the press in Decatur, Georgia, by showing them a bruise on her arm and explaining, "I fell out of the upper berth when we went around a curve last night." When the photographers in New Orleans asked her to pose for some snappy leg art she didn't act as if they had insulted her. She just grinned, and said, "I'd like to, boys, but the Treasury Department says nix." When the reception committee in Richmond, Virginia, suggested that perhaps as a novelty Miss Lamour would like to hear some factory workers sing, Miss Lamour said very sweetly, "I'd enjoy it very much. But it wouldn't be a novelty. I was a factory worker once myself."

Said the Atlanta *Constitution,* "Dorothy Lamour is like the pretty girl next door, the one who won a beauty contest and fame, but never let it spoil her." Said the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* "The star's ease of manner and simplicity of delivery won her thousands of new friends." Said the Huntington *Herald-Dispatch,* "The diminutive star's prowess as a bond salesman is gradually eclipsing her earlier fame as a sarong model."

A bunch of Marines in Charleston described her as, "Whatta babe!" A Georgia Tech sophomore in Atlanta described her as "simply super." And the Governor of West Virginia described her thusly, "She is a patriotic American who is rendering her country's cause a splendid service." Dorothy was pleased with all her descriptions.

Well, you might have thought a glamor girl would take to her bed for weeks after a hectic tour like this—but not Dottie. Two days after her return home she heard that the Treasury Department would like it very much if she would attend the "Minute Man Flag" war bond celebration at the California Shipyards. Dorothy forgot she was tired, and accepted with enthusiasm. Knowing that I was curious about her bond-selling proclivities she suggested that I go along and "look America in the face"—though this time, she explained, she wouldn't do any of the actual selling as she had done at other industrial plants.

Dorothy drove us down in her car. No bands and bunting and police escorts for Dorothy this time. After all this is California where movie stars are a dime a dozen. (Don't you wish they were, Mr. Freeman?) We left at eight in the morning so that Dorothy would be there in ample time for the day shift lunch hour—none of that last minute slipping in under the wire for Miss Lamour. In the administration building we met numerous executives, and there was the usual restraint that for some reason or other inevitably follows a meeting with a movie star. But the ice was quickly broken by our Miss Dottie when she was asked to have her picture made with John A. McCone and Jerome K. Doolan, big shots of Calship. "Of course," said Dorothy, "but you'll have to wait a minute until I get my shoes on." And then she added with a giggle, "Isn't it awful the way I always slip my shoes off when I sit down!"

SURE YOU INHALE —SO PLAY SAFE

with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation,* even when you *do* inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*— AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos — *plus this exclusive proved* protection!

FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

We were then driven across the yards to a stage located at the northeast corner of the mold loft by the "Bonds Barometer." The whistle blew for twelve o'clock, and while 40,000 workers gathered around the band played "America." Following that Mr. McCone made a speech in which he suggested the new goal of Calship should be $20,000,000 in War Bonds, a total which would pay for the Calship yard. Master of ceremonies Al Radka then introduced Dorothy as "the champion bond seller in the nation," and she drew a hand which I am sure compared favorably with Chicago and New Orleans.

I was so amused, wouldn't you know, with a couple of guys in steel helmets on the roof of a nearby shop who kept calling, "Why didn't you wear your sarong, Dottie? We'd certainly like to see more of you," that I didn't hear all of Dorothy's speech. But I heard her speak of meeting several of the soldiers she had once known in Hawaii, now hospitalized in the United States. "It was awful," said Dorothy with simple sincerity. "It was as if they were my own relatives. And it was awful for them because they wanted to do so much for their country, and now they couldn't do anything any more. But they could send a message to you. Their buddies are still in Honolulu, in Wake, and in Australia, and those are the ones we want to keep thinking about. We can buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps and pay for boats and planes and tanks. I won't say give until it hurts—because if we don't give it will *really* hurt."

Dorothy then sang "God Bless America" with the men joining in the chorus, even the two naughty ones on the shop roof, and I felt all woozy inside, and hastily blew my nose. Strangely enough, I wasn't the only one who seemed to have taken a sudden cold out there in the hot sunshine.

Back in the cool of the administration building Mr. McCone pointed out the fourteen ships, from his office windows, that would soon be ready to do their part in the war against the Axis.

"Fourteen ships," he said proudly, "for the month of June. And only little over a year ago all this was marsh land. The first keel wasn't even laid until May, 1941."

"All my life," said Dorothy, "I've wanted to launch a ship." (She swears she wasn't hinting, but I wouldn't put it above her.)

"Well," said Mr. McCone, playing fairy godmother, "just hang around until midnight, and we'll have one ready for you to launch."

That's Calship service. It should put the studios to shame.

Midnight found us back again at the Calship yard. A "stage of steel" had been erected high in the air, overlooking Shipway Number One, where the gallant S.S. Willis Van De Vanter stood ready to break away from its moorings into the sea. Above us a star-studded California sky. Below us, and around us on cables, cranes, and massive constructions, thousands of men—the swing shift going off and the graveyard shift coming on—stopped to cheer Dorothy as she urged them over a loud speaker to put ten per cent of their salary in War Bonds, "the finest investment in the world." I have seen some pretty exciting sights, but never anything that could compare with that stirring scene from the top of Calship's "stage of steel."

While the band down on the launching platform played "Dixie" Dorothy hurried to take her place near the ship's prow. With champagne in hand, she stood ready to christen the S.S. Willis Van De Vanter at a given signal. "I've never been through such an emotional experience," Dorothy told me later. "I didn't know whether I felt like laughing or crying, and I think I did a little of both. I kept saying over and over, 'Please, God, don't let me miss the ship with this champagne,' and 'Please, God, don't let those dirty Nazis sink this beautiful boat.' I was an emotional wreck when it was over."

It was 12:29. The burners had just about finished the "burnoff plates," the sole remaining ties on the ship. A shiver of excitement seemed to pass through the crowds. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." A mist formed before my eyes. Thousands of voices rose in a mighty cheer. The S.S. Willis Van De Vanter slid gracefully and majestically into the sea.

There followed a silence. A stained-glass window sort of silence. And then, as if with one accord, all over the shipyard was heard the hum of tens of thousands of drills. Before we could even tell our very nice hosts goodbye construction had started in Shipway Number One. Another ship for Uncle Sam was on its way.

Lucky Jinx

Continued from page 34

Hesse, the photographer, saw The Jinx on the courts of the West Side Tennis Club, Los Angeles, four years ago, took a color picture of her and peddled it to a national magazine for a cover, she's been the most photographed, and most dated girl in America. The movie studios even took to making pictures of her to see how their clothes should look on their actresses, she was that photogenic.

For four years, now, she has held the record of being the most beaued and the least kissed gal in the public eye. Not only in Hollywood did The Jinx become a ball of thermite, but in New York, too. She went there to appear in Al Jolson's "Hang On To Your Hats" and she kept the town's wolf pack doing exactly that all the time she was there. They had to hold on to them to keep from having them knocked off by the other howling quadrupeds converging on the stage door of her theater.

For a time it looked as if it might become necessary to organize a government bureau to ration Jinx Falkenburg. Obviously there wasn't enough of her to go around. She and the show's press agents finally solved the problem by working her dates in three shifts, changing every two hours until the better night spots, where it was good business to be seen, put up the matutinal shutters.

Returning to Hollywood, she was more in demand than ever. The town's top squires burned out a set of telephone wires daily calling for dates. It was swell with The Jinx. She liked them all. She likes everybody, in fact. That's one of her charms, but just one, mind you.

She liked them all, but didn't love them. She went through that susceptible stage from seventeen to twenty-two fawned upon, courted, rushed and besieged by the pick of the country's killer dillers, from Park Avenue to Beverly Hills, and never once stubbed her cute little emotional toe. All good, clean fun, lots of laughs, that sort of thing, but always her appetite remained steadfast and she played the field.

Last spring she went on a personal appearance tour. She reached New York and there, just as her mind was full of her budding movie career, it happened. HE bobbed up, unheralded and unsung. If those who'd wailed and waited had their way, this would read "unheralded and unhung," but they aren't having their way and never did.

She met him at a cocktail party. It wasn't a movie sort of meeting in which they stood around and insulted each other. She liked him because he was nice to everybody without knocking himself out about it and he probably liked her, too, because she was also being nice to everybody without looking around for photographers or somebody with a notebook before doing so.

He followed her to Philadelphia (it's only ninety miles) and when she went to Boston, he popped up there. Later, as she changed planes at New York at five o'clock in the morning with the cold wind blowing in off Long Island Sound, there he was with the darndest bracelet for her.

It had a little disc dangling from a chain and on one side was the device "JINXET," only the "E" was backwards and the "T" was upside down. The idea was that it combined the names "Jinx" and "Tex" when held a certain way and that's how it came out that HIS name was "Tex." She wouldn't tell us any more, but there are other ways of finding things out. He is Tex McCreary, newspaper man and newsreel commentator. And she didn't laugh (nor did anybody else, besides us) when we said, gaily, "Ah, ha, so you're deep in the heart of—" Well, let it go, then.

Miss Gifford suddenly discovered that on the device, among a lot of other daffy words that might mean something to a gal in love for the first time at twenty-three, but sounded silly to us, was the tiny word, "Tiffany."

"Tiffany!" The Jinx looked startled. "So it came from Tiffany's?"

"Certainly," said Miss Gifford. "Don't tell me you didn't know."

"Of course not," The Jinx said. "I hadn't even noticed that."

This, of course, proved it. When a girl doesn't notice that a piece of jewelry from HIM is from Tiffany's, it proves that she's either in love or unconscious and The Jinx wasn't unconscious. We could see her moving, just as plain.

The story of The Jinx and the rest of the Fabulous Falkenburgs is one of Hollywood's toppers. The Jinx isn't the only stand-out in the clan. They're all stand-outs. They never live by the calendar, only by the clock.

"We're all deliriously goofy," admits Mickey, who isn't one of the brothers, or even the father. She's Mrs. Falkenburg to —to—well, by gosh, who IS she Mrs. Falkenburg to, except possibly the parish curate? So far as anyone knows, no one. Just Mickey.

The Falkenburgs were living in Barcelona, Spain, when The Jinx entered the lives of Eugene (Gene) and Mickey. Gene (that's her old man) is an engineer and during those years he was always either in Spain, Portugal or South America with Mickey.

An addition to the family (the first) impended and they took to referring to same as The Jinx. Mickey wanted a boy and Gene wanted a girl. They had their first arguments over which it should be and that's why it, if you'll pardon the necessary neuter, was called The Jinx.

When The Jinx arrived Gene took the parental bows and they named her Eugenia, but she scarcely remembers the name. Call her Eugenia, right to her face, and she'll probably look right past you. Jinx is the only name she's ever known. Once an agent tried to put her into pictures as Eugenia Falken (a disagreeable old bird, the falken), but it didn't jell and she returned to, and remained with, Jinx.

Dropping the article, Jinx began astounding the world when she was eighteen months old. She could only toddle, but she managed to fall into a swimming-pool. Fortunately, she was attired only in a delicate pink pelt and, seeing no sense in remaining under water at ten o'clock in the morning with no one around to take a picture of the feat, she began to swim. She's been swimming ever since and the Falkenburg menage glistens with cups she's won in that line.

When Jinx was three, Gene was transferred to South America. They stopped briefly in Brazil and Mickey engraved the Falkenburg name in Brazilian social history by winning the women's tennis championship of the nation. They moved on to Chile and Jinx, a few years later, won the Chilean women's free style swimming title.

Jinx was six when Tom was born and seven when Bob arrived. Not liking to do things in the conventional way, even though it's swanky, the Falkenburgs arranged for their sons to be born with tennis racquets in their hands instead of silver spoons in their visages. They've lived on tennis courts since and both have held national boys' and junior championships, doubles and singles. A year ago Tom, who, at seventeen, is six feet, three inches, played through a national tournament with his left arm in a sling, not for a gag, but because it was broken, and darned near won the tournament, too.

When Jinx was fifteen a revolution blew up and the Falkenburgs grabbed their tennis racquets and swimming trunks and made for Los Angeles. They found a house around the corner from the West Side Tennis club and have lived there since.

It was while attending a tennis match that Jinx got her first tumble from pictures. Sam Goldwyn saw her sitting in the grandstand and promptly included himself out of everything else to look at her. He told her to report at his studio for a test and then gave her a starlet contract. It ran a year and all she did was report at the studio. She always says, when anyone asks her how she'd like to be in the newspaper business, that she was a reporter for a year, once, and didn't like it. Cute, by garsh!

It was not until Hesse saw her that she really began to roll. Hesse was standing on the sidelines watching her in a match and alternately swallowing and regurgitating his Adam's apple. She finished the match and walked past him just in time to hear him exclaim, "Beautiful!"

"You mean my forehand?" said Jinx, pleased.

"Hector, no, I mean your back—I mean all of you," said Hesse. "How about posing for some color shots?"

That meeting started her career as a model. She has appeared on two hundred magazine covers since, has been more photographed than any known sports clothes model, and she is the only type model in the business who is in demand for legs, face, *and* figure. They even model her hands and her arms show no muscular bulges from her tennis playing.

"I always try to take a swim after a match," she says. "If there is a tendency to bunching muscles, the swimming irons them out."

The merchandise she has sold, through her face smiling from advertisements, her trim figure swinging across a magazine page, or her fine, long legs crossed on a color layout can only be computed in tons of soap, trainloads of cigarettes, leagues of silks and satins, tank cans of root beer and soup, warehouses of chocolate and great, waxy billows of shampoos.

It was after her return from her "Hold On To Your Hats" venture in New York that she got her first movie part. The Goldwyn contract had run out and such had her publicity been that even studios which had previously shied off because of her statuesque proportions (five feet, seven; one hundred and twenty-nine) made a concerted rush for her. Columbia, in the words of General Forrest, got there fustest with the mostest men (iron) and she signed.

She made "Two Latins From Manhattan" as a sort of trial balloon and then went to Dennis, Massachusetts, for four weeks of straw hat theater work. She thought this was a sort of repudiation of her hopes of going on in pictures, but just when things were bluest, she got a wire to hurry back to Columbia. The brass hats had gotten a look at her picture and were so delighted that they wanted to expand her part and put in a song, which they did.

After that she made "Sing For Your Supper" with Buddy Rogers and now she's finishing "Lucky Legs." Naturally, she has the title rôle and if you never saw a pair of lucky legs, arrange to get a look at the Falkenburg stems when the picture hits your community. You'll be able to see them, all right. There won't be any textile priorities in your way. Columbia saw to THAT.

It would be impossible for a family so full of bounce as the Falkenburgs to go Hollywood. They still live in the modest bungalow they rented near the West Side Tennis Club and the entire family still plays tennis. Either Bob, or Tom, or both is certain as taxes to win the national tennis championship some day and Jinx still

"Thanks
for buying
that Bond."

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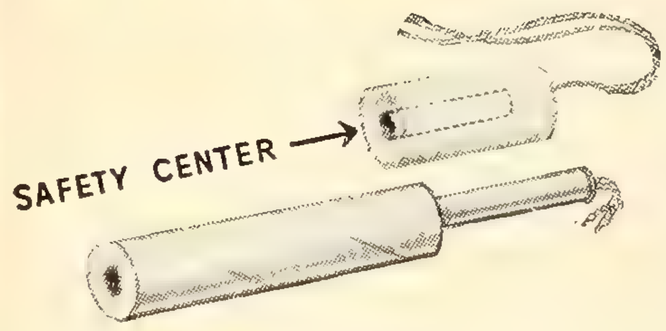
I've heard the words "internal protection" and "tampon" often. But I never guessed how *much* they could mean to me! For I've just found a tampon that has everything—all the wonderful comfort and freedom we women have *always* wanted. From now on "tampon" means "Meds" to me, and . . .

No more worrying!



Because you're secure when tampon absorption is *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Wonderful, new comfort!

When fit is right, you can *count* on comfort and freedom! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

No extra cost!

Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! Try Meds—for protection, comfort, value!

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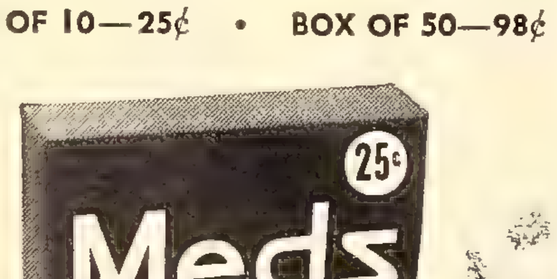

The Modess Tampon

plays championship tennis, as witness her winning the Southern California Mid-Winter doubles this year with Gussie Moran.

Gussie, born Gertrude Moran and in pictures, now, as Gretchen Moran, is Jinx's stand-in. She's a serious student of the drama and says she's learning more being a stand-in than she'd ever learn going to school. The two are almost identical in size and coloring, but Gussie's a bit shy, whereas there's nothing shy about Jinx, either spiritually or physically. If she's shy anything in the latter category, it doesn't show.

Jinx makes no claim to being an intellectual. She likes the things the average outdoor girl likes, *viz*, tennis, swimming, horseback riding, hiking, golf, groceries and men. Not necessarily in that order, but pretty close. Her top interest in clothes is sports styles. She wears evening gowns like La Pompadour herself, but isn't mad about them, largely because they make her look taller. She has always yearned to wear high heels, but hasn't because they increase her height. She absolutely never wears them on the street, nor in the bath tub.

Although she's extensively beaued, she seldom has dates with actors. No reason. Just doesn't. Once Glenn Ford who, off the screen, looks like a theological student, called for her and Mickey entertained him while Jinx dressed. Not having caught his name and deceived by his sober mien, Mickey said, "It's odd, but Jinx never goes out with actors."

Mr. Ford doesn't know yet whether or not that was a nasty crack.

This piece started out to tell about her being in love for the first time and mentioned that she was better than a fair hand with a knife and fork. Prior to the materialization of "Tex" this would have been a fair sample of her day's rations:

Breakfast—Grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes, toast, milk, sweet rolls and marmalade.

Luncheon—Soup, two chops, salad, dessert, milk.

Dinner—Appetizer, soup, fish, steak, (adult), or fowl or more chops, three vegetables, salad, dessert (anything), milk.

Supper—(Late lunch on Broadway) Sandwich, toasted, or Welsh rarebit or oyster stew (or something, always something), more milk.

She hasn't cut down her intake any, even though in love, but she doesn't put her feet in the trough, so to speak, as she used to. She approaches her food more thoughtfully and admits she's wondering how Tex is making out in the Beef and Bean around the corner from his newspaper office.

"Is it going to last?" we asked her, pointedly.

"What?" She looked startled, as if she hadn't thought of this. "Well, I was just thinking, this minute, that I could wear high heels now because Tex is six feet, two inches tall."

"Is it going to last?" we repeated, sternly.

"Well, that's what I'm saying," she came back. "What I mean is, when a girl starts thinking about how nice it will be to be able to do something the rest of her life that she's always wanted to do—well, what do you think?"

It's in your laps, readers. What do YOU think?

Heart of a He-Man!

Continued from page 21

ship. I have only once before been witness to similar appreciation. . . . I sat on the set day after day. I have seen Mr. Gable. Watched him do his scenes with infinite finesse when he looked as if his heart would break and as if his eyes could not look ahead to see. But a wise man knows he must always finish what he starts.

He is "Pop" to the crew. As usual as if they are talking about their very own, you'll hear the head cameraman, or the boy who is oiling the sound machine, or the watchman, say: "Wonder how Pop's feeling today?" or, with a swelling pride, "Gosh, Pop sure looks great today," or, "Pop? Oh, he's OKAY!"

I think Mr. Gable is the quietest man with whom I have ever worked. Yet you know he is there. Because he has that quality of gentle strength that makes itself felt by its very human kindness. His friends, directors, executives, actors and crew people visit him often. It is never necessary to wonder if Mr. Gable will be in the right mood. He is absolutely direct and entirely free from pretense, and if you'd like to get clunked on the head, just try to suggest to ANYBODY around that Mr. Gable could get temperamental.

One busy day some of the boys asked me if I'd like some coffee. "Sure," I said. "Where is it?"

"Back in 'Pop's' room."

"Oh, never mind," said I, for the first time in my life refusing something to eat. "I don't want to disturb him."

"Listen," they gave me to understand, "stop being a sissy! He bought it—but it's *our* coffee. Now get!" When I reached the room, Mr. Gable was sitting there. Outside. Reading his script. There were people in the room. Talking, playing cards and having a happy time.

Somebody landed a thermos jug and a cup in my hand and said, "Come on in." I couldn't believe it. "You mean—it's like this—you sit in his room and he sits outside????" "Oh, not always—*sometimes* we let him in. But if you think this is anything, you should have been around on 'Gone With The Wind.' Pop had to get himself a room next to us on account of we moved in this one!" And Pop, outside, smiled.

This room is pine-walled and comfortable like a den. It has big red leather chairs and books and looks like a man sits in it. Sometimes when 'the place belongs to Gable' the whole cast congregates to rehearse their lines. You'll see three or four sitting on the floor. The door is rarely closed.

During a fight scene between Gable and Bob Sterling for "Somewhere I'll Find You," a double for Bob was used. A very husky double! A double who enjoyed fighting! "I'm not going to watch Gable get beaten up!" I said, and made for the door. That got a rapid haw-haw and they told me to stick around and see how a he-man acts. So I sat down and watched the double hit and then stop two or three times to look at Mr. Gable. They did the scene over and over while the double hit again and again. And the boys who said I was a sissy were holding their hands to their jaws. Mr. Gable came out fine.

"Hell, that ain't nothin'," one of the labor men who had stopped in to visit, said. "What happened on another picture could have made history—it would have, if it had happened to other actors we know. Pop had a scene with a fighter and the fighter's hand slipped—understand—he didn't mean nothin'—but Pop was out. And the first thing he did when he got up was to shake hands with the guy and tell him not to worry. He said it was his fault. Can you imagine! He said he took the hit the wrong way. So

then of course the guy wasn't barred from working. I tell you, that Pop—he can sure take it!"

A secretary on the lot who is immune to actors and who insists they all give her a pain, called me. "I think you ought to know," she began, "that I now give you credit for picking a winner. *Your* Mister Gable—the one you're always raving about," she went on, "had a luncheon date with my boss. [Her boss is a top executive.] He came in as if he were no more important than the boy who delivers the mail, and I told him to go right in.

"'Don't you think you ought to announce me?' he asked.

"'No, he's expecting you.'

"'Sure you think it's all right?'

"'Yes, honestly—he knows you're coming.' He gave me a little smile, looked back and said: '—if you say so—'"

She asked simply, "How can a man like that be so humble?" How? Only the big are humble.

The day I saw half of the picture on the screen in the projection room I knew it was fine. I told Clark. He said, "That's good news, thanks, honey. Good news is always welcome." Good news! I hope from now on all news that comes his way will be good. He has had enough of the other for an entire lifetime.

In the moments that are not taken up with rehearsing, lining up and conferences for the picture, Mr. Gable, Ruggles and the other boys will be discussing the day's news. The tire topic is always the one they come back to, for the people on our set seem to come from the four corners of the outskirts. My boss lives at Malibu, and he'd been talking about buying a motorcycle. I was horrified, with visions of him talking to himself on some story point and ending up in some strange place. I asked Clark to dissuade him. He grinned and said he'd do his best. "Well, Wes," he began, "I understand you're going to buy a motorcycle—" he extended his hand—"So long—glad to have known you. I really don't think it's a good idea, Wes," he continued. "After all, what relaxation could you get on a motorcycle?" He talked with such solemnity that I began to think the idea had been his own. "I have a horse and buggy I'd give you," he said, "and then you can get up in the middle of the night and get to the studio by 9 in the morning!" He gave me a wink and said, "How did I do?"

I haven't had to write a check for a motorcycle. But the other day I was riding on the highway and saw a man on a motorcycle who had a striking resemblance to our Mr. Gable. I could have sworn it was Mr. Gable. And holy smokes! It *was* Mister Gable! So I hope he won't let me down and tell my boss he made a great mistake.

To show you what a regular guy he is—just hear how he'll be riding down the street on this motorcycle and some other guy on one will hail him. They won't give a darn whether he's Clark Gable or not—he's just that guy on the wonderful shining motorcycle. And does Mister Gable wonder if the guy who hailed him is a celebrity? Talk sense I remind me! And the other guy will examine the machine and they'll compare notes—and I'd like to bet he'll pass on the word that if any of the other guys riding motorcycles happen to see that big guy—to just hail him and he'll come over and let him have a ride.

I am hoping that Mr. Gable will not ride up to the set on his new motorcycle as he does in his car. Because if my boss should be looking out of the stage door, it will probably only be a matter of minutes until I'll be writing that check for that motorcycle Mr. Gable told Mr. Ruggles not to buy.

The time has been very long, and if Mr. Gable who is first starting to smile now,

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should happen to laugh out loud over some funny thing one of the boys has said, there is a general lifting up of spirit and everybody is more satisfied.

When the picture finished everybody was glad that Mr. Gable would now be able to get some rest. Mr. Gable made no comment. And when, a few days later, they found they needed Mr. Gable's voice for some shots, they called him apologetically. "Don't worry about me," he said, "I'll be there."

Yesterday, during the hurry of re-takes, I had a visitor in my office. Fifi, the Ruggles' big black French Poodle. Fifi and her wonders have long been heralded by me. So when she pranced along with me to the set it wasn't any surprise that the crew stopped work for a few seconds. Mr. Gable came up to Fifi who was seated regally in his chair. And then Fifi did a startling thing. She shattered the forever fact that girls are subtle creatures—for she threw her head in the air and paid no attention at all to Mr. Gable who was telling her she was a very smart girl! I was that ashamed. But Mr. Gable went on scratching Fifi's ears. And of course the inevitable happened. Fifi was shaking hands with Mr. Gable for the next fifteen minutes. She was also looking idolizingly up into his face. It was appropriate that this should have taken place on the set. Because Fifi had plenty of company in her admiration for her new-found friend.

Do you still want to know what he is like? And how he acts?

"It's a pity," somebody said, "that you did not have a chance to see Pop as he really is. You know—full of gags and fun."

Oh, but I have seen him. As he really is. For what bigger proof can one have than to become more fully acquainted each succeeding day with the solemn devotion and the will to do when it would have been pardonable to have claimed resistance to this devotion and this will to do.

When Mr. Gable and my boss were having luncheon quietly in our office a little while ago, the talk was both interesting and serious. For it was about the war and people and times to come. It was the first time I noticed a restlessness about Mr. Gable. The same restlessness that goes with men in uniform for Our Country—the urge to get in and help get this war over with.

"Do you think Clark will go into service?" I asked my boss later.

"That's what he wants to do," he answered.

So today when I saw in the papers that Mr. Gable was heading for the Air Corps I wasn't a bit surprised. Out here they're proud of their buddy. And once more people are asking, "What do you think about Mr. Gable, now?" If you've read this far you know what *I* think of Mr. Gable. I'd expect him to be where he is needed.

The young Americans with whom our Mr. Gable will come into contact will know they have found a friend. He'll give them a boost. Why not? They know he can take it. He'll give them inspiration. Why not? He's one hundred per cent American! And the people who clamor to see him on the screen—his fans? We can wait. Our Mr. Gable has a job to do. We don't need to worry about him. He'll take the right step forward. Because he has strength back of him. The strength of millions who love him—and many more who will grow to know him. They'll all come away saying what all the ones who know him best say, "That Pop—he's right in there pitching!"

Editor's Note: As we go to press, Clark Gable has been sworn into the Army as a private and assigned to the Army Air Force officer candidates' school at Miami. "What I want," Gable said, "is to be a machine-gunner on an airplane, to be sent where the going is tough."

Red Skelton's Tent-Show Days

Continued from page 29

believe I'll sleep in the tent with the canvas boys, if it's all right with you," he answered.

"It's O. K. with me but the weather doesn't look so good; something is liable to blow up before morning," I told him.

"I don't mind storms," he countered.

"You'll change your mind and hike to the hotel if the wind blows the top over and it begins raining or if the lightning hits one of those steel center poles."

Sometime after midnight a severe storm did hit the tent and the next morning when I went over to the outfit, the redheaded boy's message was about the first thing I saw. The drum was underneath the edge of the stage, protected from dripping water.

The tent show stage is about 40 by 25 feet and rests on strong 4-foot jacks. This space from the ground to the stage floor affords an excellent shelter from falling poles and flying debris during a storm. Red Skelton was sleeping peacefully in this shelter.

I had been making a collection of "blow-down" pictures and had brought my camera from the hotel. I took some shots of the outfit and used the one remaining film to shoot the message-bearing drum. (Editor's Note: Picture of drum on page 29.)

The same drum and the same redheaded boy figured in another episode, together, a couple of weeks later.

Major H. O. Yardley's book, "The American Black Chamber" (the M-G-M picture of it was titled "Rendezvous") had recently come off the press and the author, a friend since boyhood, was visiting my show at the time. I had been engaged off and on for the ten years previous in digging out historical material, with the idea of doing a novel on Georges Rogers Clark, the Indian fighter; and Major Yardley was lending his assistance.

The principal exploits of the great fighter took place in and around Vincennes, Indiana, which is Red Skelton's home town.

During the week of Major Yardley's visit, the show was playing in the little town of Palestine, Illinois, about 20 miles from Vincennes and the Wabash River. During this week I paid more attention to historical research than I did to the tent show. Incidentally, I discovered that it was in this town of Palestine that President Lincoln witnessed his first theatrical exhibition—a band of itinerant street minstrels. He was en route with his father and step-mother, from Indiana, to their new home in Illinois.

Major Yardley and myself were in conflict over a passage I had found in one of the histories concerning Clark and his entrance into old Vincennes. A drummer boy in Clark's army was said to have floated across the Wabash River on his drum. Major Yardley thought that it could not be done and I thought that it could be. We decided to find out.

"Say, Red, will you do me a little favor?" I asked the boy, who appeared just as we had decided upon the experiment.

"Sure!"

"Can you swim?"

"Not so good. What do you want me to do?"

"Bring the little old drum—the prop one—and jump into the river."

"Am I that bad?"

I explained to him that we wanted to try a little experiment to see if the drum would hold him up, but he was not so keen about the idea. I started to explain about the historical episode: "You've heard of Clark, haven't you?"

"Sure—a great ball player," he answered.

"I mean the Clark who fought Indians—Indians in your home town."

"That was before my time," he remarked, and then disappeared behind the masking that separates the stage end of the tent and the auditorium.

Three minutes later the boy returned and remarked: "I'll try it."

Thirty minutes later we reached the Wabash and prepared for the experiment.

"Did you bring your bathing suit?" I asked Red.

"No, sir. I thought I ought to go in with all my clothes on because you said the drummer boy was fully clad. He probably had an overcoat on, too."

I appreciated the boy's spirit in trying to carry out the experiment in as correct a manner as possible. However, when I glanced at him, I noticed for the first time that he was considerably heavier about the chest and shoulders than I thought, and I was suddenly struck with doubt concerning the outcome. The drum wasn't very large.

The experiment was a decided success. That redheaded boy floated about in the water until I called to him to come out. Even then, he floated down the stream for 50 yards before he came out on the bank.

That evening, before the performance, my young daughter loudly complained that someone had been using her new silk water wings and that they were "all wet." It was then that I realized why the redheaded boy's chest and shoulders appeared so large and why he wore the heavy coat when he stepped into the Wabash that afternoon.

Within a month after Red joined the show he was doing the comedy in the entire repertoire of plays. I believe there were 12 all together. He was a quick study, that is, he was able to learn a part with very few rehearsals. In one play he had just one rehearsal.

This play was called "Hal O' The Hills" and I wanted to play it that night for some special reason.

John Wayne, as he appears in "The Flying Tigers," Republic's film about activities of the American Volunteer Group in China.

"How much of the bill do you know—the one we rehearsed today?" I asked him.

"I'll have it by the time you're ready to put it up," he replied.

"Good! We'll do it tonight."

"But I thought you said you would put it up Friday," he protested.

"Changed my mind," I answered.

"It's O.K. by me, but—"

"Most of your important scenes are with me and I'll help you if you 'go up,'" I assured him.

To "go up" is an expression used when an actor forgets his part. Red didn't "go up" that night, but I did. I hit the ceiling in a 3-way scene with Red and the ingénue.

The boy and girl were supposed to be preparing to elope. The scene was the library in the girl's home. There was a large screen on the opposite side of the stage from where the two were embracing. This screen had 8 or 10 inches of an opening at the bottom so that my shoes could be seen, as I hid and watched them.

As the two embraced, Red was supposed to look toward the screen and see my shoes, and then in a loud stage whisper: "There's a man behind the screen."

"Is it father?" was the girl's speech.

Red's reply was supposed to be, "I don't think so, but I can only see his shoes."

Instead of that he said; "No! *This man has shoes on.*"

The scene was supposed to be intensely dramatic and was so—until he read that speech. The audience laughed and so did I. We let the speech ride that way for the rest of the season.

The fact that this redheaded boy had the habit of obeying instructions, resulted in one of the most embarrassing situations that it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. It was nearing the close of that summer season when the show opened for the usual week's stand in one of my favorite towns. I had been personally acquainted with a prominent business man in the place for many years and visited in his home annually.

Although we were friends, this man never attended my show. In fact, he had not witnessed even a picture for 10 years or more. You can imagine my surprise, when a ticket taker sent word to me, back stage, a few minutes before curtain time, that Mr. ——— was in the audience. I immediately rushed around and switched some of the specialties (vaudeville between the acts of the play) and made other changes in order to make a good impression upon my friend.

Now, the show has seldom been annoyed by a drunken person or any other interference, but that night—of all nights—there had to be a "drunk" in the audience. The man insisted upon talking aloud and when I made my first appearance, hollered "Hello, John!"

"Go out front and tell the canvasmen to put that 'drunk' out," I said to Red, who was standing in the wings when I made my exit. "And see that they do it quietly," I added, as he started to carry out my instructions.

The remaining two acts ran smoothly enough and after the show, while in the dressing room, I remarked; "I wonder how Mr. ——— liked the show."

"He only saw the first act," replied Red.

"I wonder why he didn't stay," I exclaimed, somewhat disappointed.

"He's the bird you told us to put out," calmly replied the nonchalant redheaded boy.

He spoke the truth. The gentleman had fallen off the water wagon for the first time in several years, that day; had come to the show, and wanted to let me know that he was present.

My foot slipped from the wagon, too, that night!

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John Garfield at Home

Continued from page 33

"Well, you're never home," I protested.

"War work," she explained briefly. "Isn't this a nice place? Helen Mack built it and we took it over from her. She told us some very amusing things about it. When her mother first saw it after it was finished she was absolutely horrified. These hooked rugs take four months to make but her mother said where *she* came from hooked rugs were a mark of poverty. Helen showed her the bill for them but all her mother would say was that Helen ought to have her head examined for paying such a price for them.

"Then, this desk, that was Helen's pride and joy, and which is older than the two of us put together—and that's pretty old," she added, looking at me meaningly, "shocked her beyond measure. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'it's all scratched and chipped.'

"And this Victorian sofa—isn't this flowered linen upholstering sweet?—was the last straw. 'Why, it's as hard as a rock,' she muttered bouncing up and down on it. But," Robbe added, "we love it."

The plate over the fireplace is imported from Persia—silver over copper. The combination smoking stand and coffee table in front of the fireplace is an adaptation of a cobbler's bench, done in maple.

The window seat is a built-in affair, upholstered in blocked linen. The curtains are ruffled organdy and the drapes are linen, depicting hunting scenes.

Robbe had disappeared and John sauntered into the room. "'Lo," he said briefly, pulling a cord on a candy box that was supposed to make four compartments fly open simultaneously. One remained shut. "Mommy!" Catherine screeched, "Daddy broke the candy box!"

Robbe miraculously reappeared. "John Garfield, stay out of that candy," she ordered. "He makes me so mad," she confessed, turning to me: "He's always on a diet to keep his weight down. I have to plan special non-fattening meals but the minute my back's turned he's into the candy."

"I only took one piece," John argued shamefacedly. "Come on," to me, "I'll show you the rest of the house." He led the way to the kitchen. "Come here, Ida Lou," he said to the cook, "and I'll explain these air raid instructions to you."

"Explain um from there," said Ida Lou. "I ain't gittin' in them pictures."

"Come here," Mr. Garfield ordered sternly, "or I'll fire you."

Ida Lou grinned at me. "He love to try to bully me but he don't mean nuffin'."

Before we left the kitchen Mr. Garfield seized the opportunity to show me the inside capacity of the ice-box and also took advantage of the opportunity to sample a piece of ice-box cake.

We entered the breakfast room where Catherine sat in solitary grandeur, having her lunch. "Have some pork chop, Daddy," she offered companionably.

"Well, if you insist," John agreed.

The seat is built-in, upholstered in a maroon glazed chintz and the curtains are crossbar muslin.

The dining room is really a joy. Instead of the conventional square or oblong room, it is circular. The table is mahogany with antique Duncan-Phyffe legs. The top is new. The chairs are Victorian, done in walnut and upholstered in the same pattern glazed chintz as the draperies. The walls are knotty pine. There are some beautiful pieces of Colonial silver, tastefully mixed with modern Lucite. Crossbar muslin has again been utilized for curtains.

The master bedroom is a large room with a built-in bed. It has a checkered gingham flounce of the same material as the window drapes and the coverlet is a hand-made quilt with appliqued flowers.

By this time Catherine was through with her lunch. "Are we ready for pictures now?" she piped, leading the way to her own room. "Isn't my apron pretty?" she asked, turning to show me her pinafore.

"All right, Catherine," John laughed, dropping onto the window seat. "You can be showing me your doll's house."

"See?" said Catherine agreeably, assuming a squatting position.

"Take one of the chairs out and show me," John suggested.

"No," said Catherine firmly.

"You can put it right back," John assured her, picking up a chair.

"No!" Catherine let out a yell that could have been heard on Hollywood Boulevard, four miles away, snatching the chair out of his hand and carefully replacing it as the flashlight bulb exploded. "It's not dinner time," she explained, "and the chairs belong pushed up to the table."

"Want a piggy-back ride?" John asked.

"Oh, yes!" Catherine agreed quickly.

"Let's put your Indian feathers on your head," I proposed, dropping them on her.

"No!" Catherine protested vociferously. "They'll muss my hair!" She patted her hair complacently. The curls had been brushed up all around in a sort of coronet effect.

"Barbara [her nurse] will fix it again for you," I attempted to soothe her.

"No, she won't," the practical Catherine retorted. "She'll put me to bed for my nap."

"She certainly will," Barbara laughed as she came into the room and turned down the bed (also built in) with a gingham flounce and coverlet of the drapery material.

Part of this room is paneled in knotty pine and part is papered, the design being copied from an illustration in "Mother Goose."

Upstairs there is only one large room—divided in two by a partition going halfway to the ceiling. In one half is a large built-in bed with a flounce of the drapery material and a spread with a candlewick design.

Gene Autry entertains Jane Withers on set of "Bells of Capistrano," one of his last films for the duration. Don't miss the scoop story in our next issue, telling why cowboy Gene Autry joined the Army Air Corps as a Sergeant.

In the other half is a fireplace with a few book shelves, an easy chair, reading lamp, occasional chair of rock maple upholstered in glazed chintz, and a desk.

"When I come in late from a committee meeting and don't want to disturb Robbe, or when I have some studying to do, I usually sleep up here," John remarked.

As we descended the stairs he said, "I'm afraid it may not be a showy enough house to make a good story for you. You see, it was built for comfort and livability and that's why we love it. And," he added with amazing candor, "it's so much better than anything we've ever been able to afford before it seems like a palace to us.

"It's funny," he went on after a moment, "how time changes your viewpoint. I refused tests for pictures for over three years before I finally made one and signed with Warner Brothers. Then when I came out here I hated the town and I hated pictures. All I wanted to do was either get rid of my contract and get back to the New York stage, or finish the contract and be done with the business. All that's changed now. I've got so I love the business and I love Hollywood. I don't even feel an urge to go back to New York."

"Uh-huh," I jeered, "I told you—"

"Yeah, I know," he conceded. "You told me! Well, it wasn't any of the things *you* said that changed me. I don't even know that it was any one thing or any definite set of things that changed me. It may have been a combination of things or it may have been that *conditions* have changed since I came into pictures five years ago. There wasn't any war then and there were still playwrights in New York turning out good plays. Try to find one now. It isn't even the lack of good plays that has made me satisfied with pictures. It's that I, like many another New York actor, came out here with no knowledge of the business or its far-flung influence, and shot off my mouth. The only thing I can say now in defense of myself as I was then is, 'I was sincere.' I guess it took a war to make me realize the good this business can do.

"If I were in New York and lucky enough to be in a hit show I could buy a few War Savings Bonds and appear in a few benefits in New York City and, however good my intentions might be, my efforts would have to end there. When the play closed I'd have to quit buying Bonds and Stamps until I got another job. Out here I get a regular salary every week—a larger salary than I'd get in New York—and I can buy Bonds and Stamps regularly, whether I'm working or not."

He paused suddenly and grinned. "Do you know this is the first time in all the years I've been out here that I've been paid during a lay-off? Always before this when I've been on lay-off it's been because I've been fighting with the studio.

"It isn't only buying Bonds and Stamps, either," he continued earnestly. "I can travel all over the country, trying to get other people to buy Bonds and Stamps, too. I can go out with units and entertain the boys in camps who otherwise wouldn't have any entertainment—as I did when I went down to our bases in the Caribbean Sea. So much of the U.S.O. work is done from here and I can help by serving on committees—an opportunity that wouldn't be afforded me in New York."

He flushed but kept talking. "I don't wonder a lot of people who had lived here a long time and knew the good Hollywood does when the chance comes, got sore at me. I can only repeat, 'I was sincere,' and add, 'I was younger. I didn't know.' But, I know now, all right. I know this is where I belong." He paused and glanced at the sampler on the wall. "Home is where the heart is," he read softly.

"Married — to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.

1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.

2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Co.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.-1042. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Here's Hollywood where →

By Weston East

CARY GRANT'S wedding to Barbara Hutton was full of surprises. The minister only learned who his famous victims were, a few minutes before the ceremony. With consideration for the press, Cary sent for photographer Johnny Miehle. But Johnny had no idea where he was being driven—much to the annoyance of his wife, who is Ginger Roger's hairdresser. Even Ginger didn't know beforehand. But all morning long she kept saying, "Cary's up to something. He seems so nervous. I'll bet he's going to get married!". There may be time for a short honeymoon, after he finishes his picture with Ginger. Then Cary expects to serve in the United States Air Corps. Here's to him, all the way.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Phil Terry were actually introduced at a costume party given by the Jack Oakies. This was seven years ago. Joan and Franchot Tone were guests, too. At the time Phil was also under contract to M-G-M. They never saw each other again until a few months ago. A mutual friend brought Phil to Joan's house. For various reasons, this is one sudden marriage that really surprised Hollywood. If Phil works on the M-G-M lot again, he'll be running into his former fiancée, Susan Peters. She's one of their white hopes. M-G-M executives would do well to grab Phil. His rôle in Paramount's "The Parson of Panamint" is one of the finest to come out of Hollywood.

WHO will play Marilyn Miller? The girl who wins the coveted rôle must be able to act, sing, dance and exude the golden personality of the late Ziegfeld star. And, of course, the studio wouldn't mind using a box-office name. Marilyn Miller was Ginger Rogers' idol. Ginger would be perfect, but she's all tied up with commitments. Shirley Temple five years from now would be ideal. Everyone agrees on this. But studio executives can hardly sit around for five years waiting for Shirley to reach maturity. So the search goes on.

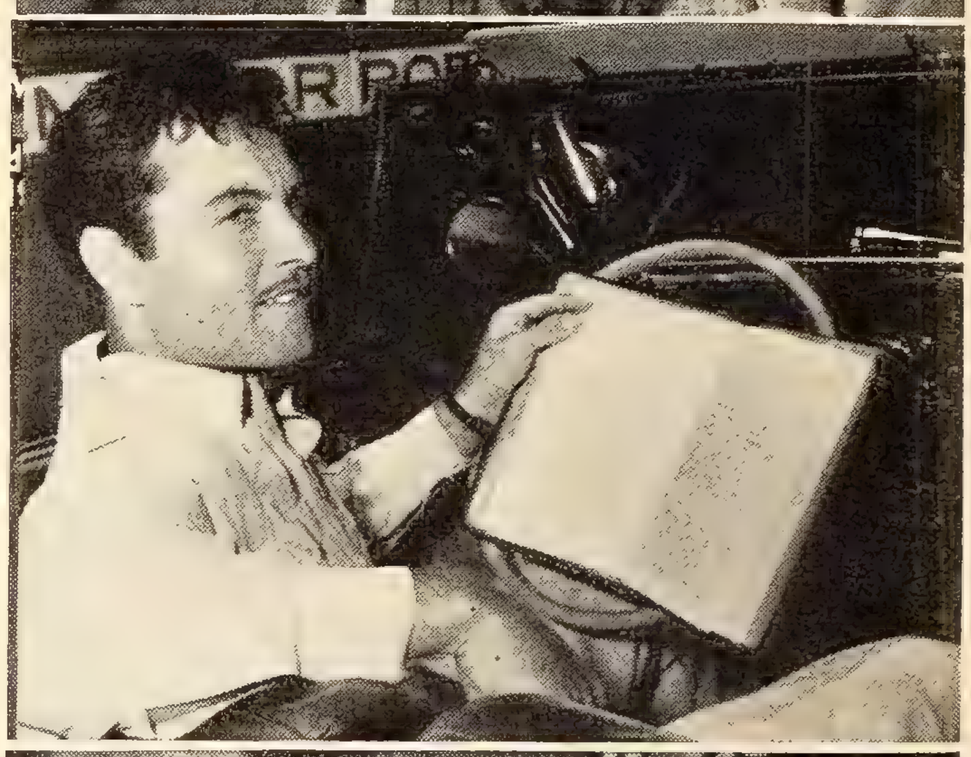
NEW faces are going places. Especially on the M-G-M lot. Norma Shearer has left. Myrna Loy is wisely retiring while she is still on top. Surprisingly enough, Jeanette MacDonald didn't re-sign. Rumor is that Nelson Eddy has other plans. Joan Crawford's contract hasn't too long to run. They say that M-G-M officials are anxious to build up a new roster of stars who aren't quite so familiar to the Hollywood scene. Also, that the duration of a contract will be around ten years, instead of the sixteen and eighteen years old-timers have enjoyed in the past. Yes, Hollywood traditions are changing fast.

IT WAS supposed to be a big secret but Brian Donlevy could only keep it two months. Shortly after they returned from a vacation, Mrs. Donlevy learned she was going to have a baby. Their vacation was spent in the very same spot where they went on a honeymoon. Brian was so excited about the news he just had to tell someone. So he just *confided* in the *publicity man* who is handling his latest picture. That did it!

Lieut. James Stewart visits Henry Fonda on set of "Ox-bow Incident"

and

George Montgomery grows a mustache for "China Girl" and reads a book!



and

Deanna Durbin enjoys her new rôle of schoolteacher in China in "Forever Yours"

and

John Payne (appearing in "Springtime in the Rockies") shows studio sights to his mother from Virginia.

TWO days before they finished the picture, George Brent broke his hand in a fight scene. Brenda Marshall, counting the moment until she could fly to Bill Holden, almost had hysterics. "Oh George," she pleaded, "promise me you won't hold up the picture—*even* if you break your neck!" George, who is soon to say goodbye to Ann Sheridan, when *he* goes to war, grinned and promised. It was all in fun but back of it all there's the serious note the war has brought to Hollywood.

EVERY star in Hollywood bought tickets for the Carthay Circle première of "Mrs. Miniver." Proceeds went to the Volunteer Army Canteen Service. One star who bought tickets didn't attend, however. That star was Bette Davis. Willie Wyler, who directed "Mrs. Miniver," also directed "The Little Foxes." Bette Davis was the star. And Bette will never forget or forgive Willie for the unkind blast he took at her when he talked to the New York press. La Davis must have something there. She's the most fair-minded actress in Hollywood.

ROBERT CUMMINGS has been flying his own plane for sixteen years. So in "Princess O'Rourke" they finally got around to letting him play a pilot for the first time. Bob is a very busy man these days. Five nights a week he teaches aviation. He works on the set all day. His weekends are spent in his Victory garden and getting re-acquainted with Mrs. Cummings.

Shirley Temple, who has developed into the charming, poised, well-dressed young lady above, visits Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire on the set of "You Were Never Lovelier." Fred is graciously applying the title to both girls.

When big hits get together

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here you are, folks . . . a couple of the biggest hits ever. "By Jupiter" for *grand entertainment*—and Pepsi-Cola for *grand drinking.* Pepsi-Cola's got everything. Grand taste, grand flavor and grand size—12 full ounces to the bottle. Step up today . . . and treat yourself to a *real drink.* A nickel gets you plenty, plenty, plenty.

★ **Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.** ★

Escape from the Mines

Continued from page 51

amazing and unexpected of occupations.

"Now that I'm back in America," Miss Neagle says, "I find that it is difficult for me to explain to American women the changes that have taken place in the life—and I mean by that the everyday life having nothing to do with the actual bombings—of every British woman. You see, formerly their outlook was quite narrow. If a girl worked in an office, she began to think when she was about twenty-two that she ought to marry. Once married, she found she had simply exchanged the confines of an office for those of her home. She cooked and kept house and went to market. But now—"

Women operate the trams. Women deliver groceries, milk, bread and anything else still deliverable. Women are among the mechanics who, when British bombers are brought home from a jaunt across the channel, rush out to care for the birds of battle. Women make up the crews of several of the coast anti-aircraft guns. "And one of those girls," Miss Neagle says proudly, "actually shot down a Messerschmidt."

What were these girls doing before the war? Hold onto your hats. Among the group of mechanics who worked—by permission of the British Home Office—with Anna in "Wings and the Woman," there was one girl who had been a salesgirl behind the counter in a draper's shop. When war broke out she volunteered for service, took a course in aircraft mechanics and discovered that she had great mechanical facility. She told Anna that she wanted to become a pilot, so Anna reported the ambition to a friend of hers and the girl has already started her training.

Another of the girls was a music teacher; the forelady in a munitions plant that Miss Neagle visited, was a former domestic cook. And working under the direction of the ex-cook was a pre-war milliner. So far there have been no reports of a delivery of shells wearing veils, or machine gun belts complete with nosegay.

Not only are the old-time class distinctions of occupation gone with the Luftwaffe, but all women can moan together over the woe of NO LIPSTICKS. Silk, rayon, or nylon stockings are unobtainable, so the well-dressed woman wears lisle and likes it.

Since all food is rationed (2 eggs per month, 25¢ worth of meat a week, 2 oranges per month for children under 6) the old indications of wealth or standing have been wiped out. Anna tells a wonderful story, to illustrate this point, about two London charwomen who saw a very, very well-dressed woman crossing a hotel lobby. "She must be frightfully rich," one charwoman said. The other rolled her eyes. "That she is, that she is. Will you believe it, ducky—she has *eggs* as big as diamonds!"

With the seat of the emotions moved from the heart to the tummy, there has been a revolution in public viewpoint as to what constitutes a terrific gift. Miss Neagle snatched a day from her shooting schedule on the Amy Mollison story and went upcountry to do a personal appearance show at a home for elderly women. At the close of the program, one of the white-haired, pink-cheeked and tottering members of the audience came forward to thank Miss Neagle and to present her with a gift.

The "thank-you" was wrapped in tissue paper that had obviously been smoothed by a hot iron, and the ribbon, also, had been donated from someone's small heap of personal treasures. When Anna opened the package she found two huge Bermuda onions—and almost wept with gratitude. The onions had been raised by the gardening gentlewomen in their own little door-yard plot, and it was the very nicest thing they could have given her. "You can make all sorts of things palatable with an onion," Anna explained.

What do the men of Britain think of their emancipated sisters, wives and sweethearts? Anna talked to two sailors whose ship had helped with the evacuation of Singapore. The "Wrens" (Women's Royal Navy Service) attached to the regiments embattled there were the dispatch riders, and they stood fast until the very last. The sailors went into salty ecstacies about the courage and intrepidity of the powder puff division. "A blinkin' bunch of 'eroes in petticoats, that's wot I sez."

Where, oh where is the female Kipling to glorify the Maid On A Motorcycle, The Babe With Bayonet? The Rare Dish at Air-raid Time?

Speaking of raids, Miss Neagle endured her first while at work on the set one day. "Mr. Wilcox and I had no idea how to behave," she confided, "so we waited to take our cue from the other members of the cast. They simply went on working. And then, so did we. Afterward we laughed about it. We were exactly like boys who have come to a new school in the middle of a term. We had to watch the regulars to know how to conduct ourselves."

When she went down into the country to visit an aunt, Anna asked how things had been going. The aunt, a lady who had always enjoyed plenty of space and leisure, was swamped with permanent visitors in the form of innumerable bombed-out relatives. However, she maintained that nothing had happened to her. Nothing. Of course—there was the roof of the house; that had been bombed, or rather blown completely off by concussion. But that was soon mended. Oh yes, and there was a bomb or so that fell in the garden. That was all. Nothing, really, to speak of!

This same nonchalance greeted Miss Neagle when she landed at a port town after having flown from Lisbon. The hotel clerk greeted her as if she had never been away. She said, "It seems you've been having a bit of a bad time." She nodded toward the destroyed town square and the havoc-ridden business district.

The clerk nodded casually. "Oh, a sticky night now and then," he said. "I'd much rather talk about your new picture."

Miss Neagle explained that "Wings and the Woman" was the story of Amy Johnson Mollison, who was killed while acting as a ferry pilot. At present there are 82 girls acting as ferry pilots in Britain, so the story is a vital document. These girls shuttle planes wherever needed the length and breadth of England, always without radio so much of their flying is done by the seat of their—oops—by intuition, which is what women have when all else fails.

Occasionally they become involved with a Messerschmidt. Since they are unarmed, their orders are to lose altitude and to circle lazily. This manoeuver sometimes results (God be praised) in the Messerschmidt diving furiously past its prey and crashing to bits on the gratified English landscape.

By the way, the impressive pair of wings

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

Miss Neagle wears was a gift from Herbert Wilcox who was a member of the Royal Flying Corps during World War I.

Miss Neagle tells one more story of wartime England that should be repeated here. She and Mr. Wilcox returned to the United States aboard a troopship manned by Poles. These men wanted nothing better than to have Germany turned over to them for judgment after the war. Their families had been unheard of since the fall of Warsaw.

The ship was part of a convoy which had two sub scares. During one of these, Anna fomented a conversation with the Britisher who was behind the gun on their ship.

"He was thirty-eight, but looked about fifty-five," Miss Neagle relates. "For nineteen years he had worked in a coal mine, then along came the war and he joined up. After having lived out the greater portion of his life in one small town, and along one narrow tunnel, he suddenly found out that there was an entire world spread out before him. When we talked to him he had already been in New York and Singapore. He had visited San Francisco, and helped at Dunkerque. To him, the war was a perfect escape. He said he didn't know what he would do after it was over, but there was one thing certain—*he was never going back to the mines.* Doesn't that prove that something stupendous is going on in the minds of English people? Oh, there are vast changes!"

Incidentally, Miss Neagle, herself, is a changed character from the rather prim, contained young creature Hollywood first met. There was a repeated rumor to the effect that she was aloof.

Possibly Mr. John Carroll fostered this notion. Mr. Carroll has never been described as distant nor formal. On the set of "Sally"—the last picture Anna made before returning to England to make "Wings and the Woman"—John busied himself with being fraternal. Considering the amount of back-slapping he did, he could have been mistaken for a chiropractor.

When Anna completed one of her most difficult scenes John bounded up, spanked Miss (Victoria Regina) Neagle in a highly informal spot and said heartily, "Attagirl! You really poured it on that time."

Miss Neagle, considerably jarred, thanked him without change of expression despite cheeks that showed pink under her makeup. There was something in the depths of her clear blue eyes that would have sent a lesser man quailing to the nearest florist for ten dozen roses of forgiveness.

A few days later, she and John were rehearsing a love scene repeatedly in an attempt to determine the best camera angle. Johnny, made of highly inflammable stuff, was certainly enjoying the situation; he was turning on all the voltage for which he had gained considerable fame.

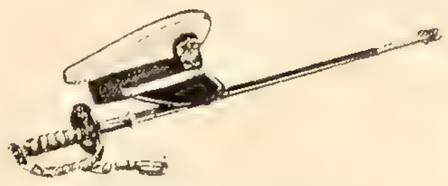
The kiss was rehearsed again and again—from this angle and that. At last the lighting was perfect. Mr. Carroll, his eyes full of glint and his arms full of Neagle, leaned down with fervor. When he was a scant inch from his goal, Miss Neagle turned her head ever so slowly to smile at her director, Herbert Wilcox.

"Does this seem to be about right, Herbert?" she inquired coolly. Her meaning could not have been more clear if she had sent John a prim little note reading, "This is all in a day's work to me."

Such was the pre-war Anna. She's different today. More mischievous, more filled with spirit, drive, twinkles, and that old stuff that gets a gal hep, puts her in the groove.

Warning: To all leading men in Anna Neagle pictures—a lady who has laughed at bombs (even shakily) is likely to be well able to take care of herself in the clinches. Besides, she's been on "Information Please"—and she knew all the answers!

You're the fun in his furlough



Will you ever forget how proud he looked as you glided down the long staircase?

What he said wasn't nearly as important as the *way* he said it! His eyes told you that being with you is what makes a furlough worthwhile.

To think that at five o'clock you were ready to break your date! Because today's eight hours of defense work had seemed like eighty!

Then in stepped Destiny . . . her name was Diana. "Why let trying days of the month rule your life?"—she asked. "Why should *you* be a deserter when other girls carry on in comfort *every* day?

You don't need a furlough!

"You don't need time-out" she explained . . . that is, if you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. And how right she was!

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

You'll take Kotex for confidence, too . . . to put an end to edgy little worries. Because the flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" provides *added* protection!

Maybe it did take you until today to learn why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. But you're glad that you did!

Because now you can breeze through work or play as millions do—with never a *thought* of deserting!

Keep Going in Comfort —with KOTEX*!

Tells All—Quickly!

Send today for the bright, new booklet—"As One Girl To Another". Lots of tips for keeping in the fun on "difficult days"... what to do and not to do. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-10, Chicago, for copy FREE!

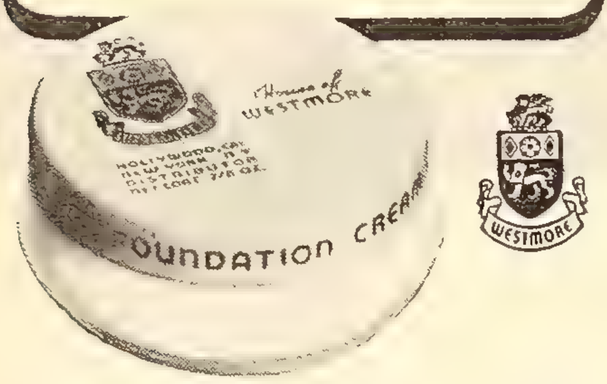
(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up Artist at Warner Bros. studio

ANN, I'M TRYING TO TELL EVERY GIRL IN AMERICA WHAT WONDERS OUR FOUNDATION CREAM CAN DO FOR HER

ANN SHERIDAN, co-starred in "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE", the Warner Bros. hit.

WELL I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT, PERC! AS YOU KNOW I USE IT CONSTANTLY... AND IT'S WONDERFUL!



Westmore Foundation Cream . . . wonder-working powder base in six skin-tinted shades (there's blending face powder, too!)

- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

50¢

Regular size at drug stores everywhere. "Get-acquainted" size at variety stores. (Add 10% Fed. tax.)

House of **WESTMORE** *Inc.*
HOLLYWOOD

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

dish will be roast suckling pig with an apple in his mouth and a garland of flowers around his neck." She chuckled. "Whenever I think of suckling pig, I remember a cartoon in the *New Yorker*. A dyspeptic-looking man is regarding the roast pig dubiously. 'Just give me a piece of the apple,' says he.

"The theory is, I believe, that an unpeeled apple absorbs the fat of the pork and gives a wonderful taste to the meat. With the roast, we will serve applesauce made with lemon honey. You add lemon juice to honey which is used instead of sugar. Two-thirds of a cup of honey equals a cup of sugar, I'm told."

OYSTER COCKTAIL

One-half dozen oysters for each cocktail. Mix well 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon Heinz vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 tablespoons Heinz tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 drops Tobasco sauce. Chill thoroughly and pour 1½ tablespoons mixture over each cocktail.

Potatoes should be roasted with the pig, and a "different" vegetable to serve with this dinner is turnip cups.

TURNIP CUPS

Have small turnips, pare and take out centers. Put in boiling water and let simmer. Do not cover, cook 40 minutes. When tender take out and turn upside down to drain.

Filling: 1 can peas, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper. Heat and fill turnip cups. Serve with white sauce.

Geraldine may attain her dream of dessert-on-fire by serving brandied cherries burned by candlelight and poured over vanilla ice-cream. For this spectacular dish, you take the big purple canned cherries; bring them in in a chafing dish or metal bowl, pour over them a wineglassful of brandy; light this and it makes a blue flame which cooks the flavor of brandy into the cherries. Vanilla ice-cream in the shape of pumpkins or cats is set at each place and the brandied cherries are passed so that each guest may take a share.

"Or we may have a great platter of every kind of fruit and nuts. Then we can peel apples and throw peelings over our shoulders to find the initials of THE ONE—not so exciting a pursuit once one is happily married!" commented Geraldine. "Then we'll finish off with a savory—anchovy and egg on a bit of toast, a broiled sardine on toast, or something like that."

In Ireland, Geraldine and her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, have a place called *Moorfields,* near Newbridge, which is haunted by pleasant ghosts. Geraldine herself is descended from the "Little People" of Ireland, who came, legend has it, from the green hills. She has green blood in her veins, which makes her Hollywood's finest exponent of Hallowe'en. There are pleasant ghosts as well as evil ones, says the Irish star, and those who grow up in an ancient house where people have been at peace and in harmony with each other are glad to feel their presence.

"At my home in Dublin there were kindly ghosts, too," she told me, looking up from her fireside where she was unscrambling a host of Hallowe'en gadgets and pumpkin lanterns. "When I was quite small I used to be afraid of them and I'd run down and hop into grandmother's bed, shivering and shaking. 'How foolish you are,' she'd say to me. 'It's only your great grandmother!'"

The loveliest gardens in all Hollywood, Geraldine is certain, are those belonging to the Boris Karloff house which she rented while the Karloffs were in New York. "Appleblossom-time was like dreamland here and the irises, roses, and spring flowers were unbelievable. I never in my life knew anything lovelier than the swimming-pool surrounded by lemon trees, with aromatic leaves falling into the water as I swam in summer. The fragrance was unearthly."

The house is less sinister than its owner on the screen, and so far as Geraldine knows no ghosts, pleasant or otherwise, walk down its winding stair. This descend-

"The first thing a smart hostess thinks of when planning a party is food," says Geraldine Fitzgerald, shown above lighting the Hallowe'en lantern centerpiece on her gay party table. Those are black cats and witches on brooms decorating the fireplace.

ant of Ireland's famed "Little People" is slim and auburn-haired; her gray-green eyes have a "fey" look at times—"My insane look," she calls it. She wore an evening gown of white dotted with green to go with "that green blood of mine."

"All people with Green in their names have green hands," she asserted. "Over here you call it 'the green thumb,' and people with green thumbs can make anything grow. My mother and her sisters could kick the earth and something would grow at once. I have never tried working in a garden, but I believe my leprechawn blood would assert itself, if I should do so.

"I am a 'finder.' They used to say to me as a child: 'Find your brother's report card. Find your father's pipe,' or whatever had been misplaced. I was no good at finding things I had lost myself. As a child I used to concentrate for a time and then I'd know where to look. I don't know how I know, but know I do!

"I remember being out in a boat with a friend when she discovered she had lost a valuable ring. We were staying at a small pub on the river on holiday at the time. I said: 'Don't bother looking on the boat; you didn't lose it here, so don't look for it now.' We spent the day on the river, returned to the pub and were having tea in our room when suddenly I felt my head jerk and something clicked in my mind. I cried: 'I know where the ring is! It's over in that corner, behind the boxes and papers.' And it was.

"That made me a marked woman. But people thought it was all coincidence, and presently my friends ganged up on me and decided to put me to a test. That isn't really fair, because a thing should be actually lost; but in this case it happened that one of the girls had lost a pearl necklace some time before, so they fixed on that. While they were explaining what it looked like and some were saying: '*Now* we'll see how good she is!' I felt that sudden click again and I was looking right at a bowl of fruit that decorated a table. 'It's in the fruit!' I said. Most unlikely spot, of course, yet, there it was.

"That particular case seemed to me like telepathy, for the girl must have dropped it in there herself, probably one day when she discovered she had it on just as she was leaving the house and didn't want to trouble to go upstairs and put it away. Then she may have been detained and come home in a rush and forgotten all about the pearls. Yet back somewhere in her subconscious she knew about the fruit bowl."

Ghost stories around the fire after dinner, Geraldine's chief idea of entertainment for Hallowe'en, will be sure to bring forth the one in which a young relative figured.

"Virginia was mad to see a ghost," confided my hostess. "She knew we had ghosts and that we often visited in Galway at a famous old castle where ghosts were so bad they had to shut off the 'bad wing,' as they called it. So we took her with us there.

"Our hostess put my husband and me in the good wing, but gave Virginia a room in the part that led to the bad wing. As we were shown the room, which was a very pretty one, we overheard the hostess say to her maid: 'Didn't I tell you to *lock* that other door?' and we saw that a door at the far end of Virginia's room was partly open.

"'Is that where the ghosts are?' asked Virginia.

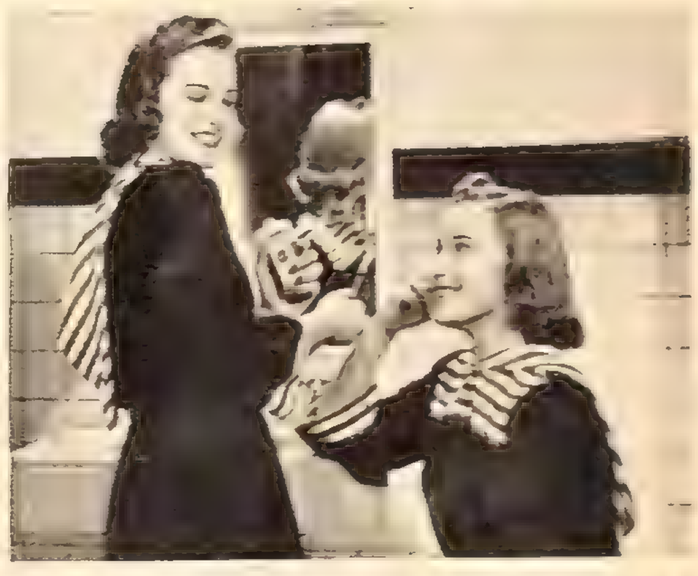
"'Oh, no, my child, certainly not!' My hostess showed us the room, which had in it the sort of bed you see in Denmark, boards built up from the floor quite high, with deep mattresses on top. I felt the atmosphere of the room was evil and was glad to get out of it. Later I learned that it was in this room that enemies of the castle's early owners had been lured to sleep. The castle stood beside the Black

The Brautigam Twins of Des Plaines, Illinois

Brautigam twins offer attractive proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"I guess the first time in our lives we were really different was when Beverly and I made the tooth powder test. Naturally, as twins, we not only look alike ... we usually do everything alike. But in the test, I used Pepsodent. Beverly used another leading brand. From then on, there was a big difference between us!"



"No test could have been fairer. But at first I thought maybe I just imagined my teeth were *twice as bright*. However, when a friend of mine asked me what made my teeth shine so, I was really convinced! Did I give *him* a selling on Pepsodent! The proof is so definite we'd never think of going back to any other brand!"

"We're a trio from now on!
A pair of twins and Pepsodent!"

BRAUTIGAM TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT... BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

**For the safety of your smile . . .
use Pepsodent twice a day . . .
see your dentist twice a year.**

PITY the girl who is modern in every way but *one*—interesting, attractive, but "dated" in her knowledge of functional menstrual pain. Pity her for never trying Midol . . . to relieve the pain *quickly*, to redeem miserable "lost days" for *active*, comfortable living!

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol regularly, knowing its fast, effective action. Try it. Unless you have some organic disorder needing special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should give you comfort. It contains no opiates. One ingredient relieves headache, one is mildly stimulating, and another *exclusive* ingredient acts directly against spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

At your druggist's. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial; the large package lasts for months.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

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5 Five beautiful glossy action photos of your favorite movie stars, size 8x10 from leading Film Companies, ready **25¢**

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River, so close that great walls had been built to hold the river at a proper distance, and there was a device under the bed that could be opened to let the sleepers down through a chute straight into the river to their deaths.

"Anyway, we were scarcely in our beds when Virginia came pattering into our room and asked if she might sleep in our dressing room. 'Oh, certainly,' we agreed. 'And may I have the door open?' she asked.

"In a day or two she began to hint that she was fed up with ghosts and presently: 'Oh, please let's go home—I'm terrified!' So we went. Only then would she tell what happened. It seems that when she had undressed in her room and turned off the gas, she lit a candle to read by. Someone blew a light breath over her shoulder and the candle-flame flickered. She looked at the curtains in the windows, but they hung perfectly straight, no draft at all. Again she felt the unseen person behind her and again her candle-flame flickered. That was enough—she flew to us."

In a home, Geraldine likes plenty of space, lots of gay, light colors, whites and blues and clear yellows. She likes that "whitewash" pink shade in a hall and has it in her own hall in Ireland, where mahogany stairs rise against the cheerful color.

"Once I had a yen for green walls, because I thought them restful, but my mother said to me: 'Never have greens walls in a house; from any window you can see the marvelous greens of gardens and fields and you'll never be able to match them inside, so use something else.'

"I like gay things. I mean cheerful ones, not 'gay' as in 'The Gay Sisters,' my latest film, where our gaiety as sisters consists in love of money and various types of selfishness or weakness."

How Hedy Lamarr Solves Her Love Problems

Continued from page 30

shoes and socks. Hedy believes in putting glamor in its place, and its place, according to her, is on the screen. And she is so right. She never lets it bog her down when she isn't acting. And unlike most of the glamor girls Hedy saves her acting for the screen. Which, believe me, makes her a very nice person to know.

"I am so happy," Hedy bubbled over, throwing me for a complete loss right off—I had hardly expected to find the Blue Bird in a star's dressing room on the Metro lot on a Monday high noon. "So wonderfully happy," Hedy continued to float on clouds. "I told my mother last night, if I die tomorrow I will have no regrets, for I have experienced perfect happiness today. It was such a beautiful Sunday. The trees and the grass were so green, the sun shone so brilliantly, and the sky was so blue and peaceful. Everything was so warm and friendly. George and I spent most of the day stretched out in the sun beside the swimming-pool. Later we put on slacks and went out to a drive-in to dinner. I don't think I have ever been so happy."

Not exactly exciting, I thought, and according to Hollywood standards not much of a much. But of course when you're in love things are different. Even hamburgers.

"You are the only happy person I've found in Hollywood in so long," I said, "I just can't believe it. You really can't be happy. It isn't being done any more. Aren't you worried about your taxes, or the proposed $25,000 ceiling? Haven't you just *one* worry?"

Hedy obligingly wrinkled her brow and thought hard, and in Hedy it's becoming. Yes, she decided at last, she *did* have a worry. The preceding Saturday George Montgomery had suggested that they go riding. He rented a horse for his lady love, and had the stable boy put a child's saddle on it. The flatterer. The horse was spirited, the saddle was small, and Hedy was most uncomfortable. "Oh, brother," she said, "what a ride! My fanny still hurts." (Hedy has discovered American slang, and is making the most of her discovery.) She proceeded to stretch out on her stomach on the couch, feet waving in the air, and order lunch sent over. You have no idea how refreshing it was to find a movie star concerned with her seating instead of her ceiling.

Later when the waiter brought her a huge dish of the most divine looking ice cream I looked horrified—though it was a horror well mingled with envy. A few years ago Hedy and I were inmates of a hospital at Santa Barbara. The idea was to lose a lot of weight without suffering too much. When the nurses weren't looking Hedy would slip out to the corner drugstore and consume a brace of chocolate ice cream sodas. It took the doctors quite a while to figure out why Hedy continued to gain, instead of lose, on a diet of practically nothing. Since then Hedy has been on and off diets faster than I can count.

"I don't diet any more," said Hedy, plunging into her ice cream. "I haven't been on a diet in over three months, not since I decided to stop worrying and just be happy. And the funny thing is that as soon as I stopped worrying about gaining weight I started losing. That's the trouble with all of us. We worry too much about the future. We should live day by day. People in Hollywood don't begin to live until they are too old to enjoy living. You want ice cream *now*. Not when you're in a wheelchair!" When we had both polished off our dishes she uttered a Hedyism, "If a bomb drops on you tomorrow, you've had your ice cream."

Hedy's philosophy, in case you are thinking of adopting it, and you could do worse, is bad for the figure, but good for the soul.

"When I go to parties," Hedy continued, "though I rarely go because I don't like Hollywood parties, people say to me, 'Have a cigarette,' and I say, 'No, thank you, I don't smoke.' And then they say, 'Have a cocktail,' and I say, 'No, thank you, I don't drink.' So then they look at me as much as to say, 'Well, Miss Lamarr, what on earth do you do?'

"I guess people think I am very dull. Well, if being happy is being dull, then I'm dull. Because I couldn't be happier, really. Yesterday, today, they're the happiest days of my life!"

After I left Hedy that day I started thinking what chumps we are to worry ourselves into an early grave. Why don't we all be happy like Hedy! Well, I might have known. A few days later I received a phone call from Hedy and I could tell that she was in the dumps, but good. About as happy as a man with a noose around his neck. Indeed, she was sunk so deep in the slough of despondency it would take dynamite to get her out. No in-between for Hedy. Way up or way down.

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"I am miserable," she said, and certainly sounded it. "I am terribly hurt and disappointed. But I didn't lie to you. It *was* the happiest day of my life!"

It was a week or so before I saw Hedy again. In the meantime her broken engagement had made all the columns, and there was much conjecturing as to what had happened. "Hedy's so fickle," said George's friends. "George has gone Hollywood," said Hedy's friends. (Hedy and George both looked a little stunned, one day they were engaged, and boom, the next day they weren't, but they said nothing.) "They hate each other so they'll never see each other again," said nobody's friends getting in their two cents' worth. So the next night George took Hedy to dinner and to see George Jessel in "Show Time" at the Biltmore Theatre. But it wasn't like old times. The spark wasn't there. Instead of looking at each other, they looked at Jessel.

The afternoon I visited the "White Cargo" set I found the door of stage 10 guarded by a menacing policeman. Metro must be terribly confused, I thought, they must be under the impression that Garbo is playing *Tondeleyo*. Hedy's sets are always gay and friendly. My companion from the publicity department hastily explained that Hedy hadn't gone snooty, it was a mere matter of production going to pieces. Ever since it had been bruited about that Hedy was wearing a sarong in the movie version of that famous saga of passion on an African rubber plantation, the entire Metro man power seems to have had but one thought. Nothing has been so disrupting in years.

Well, I must say when I saw *Tondeleyo* Lamarr in a coat of brown paint (the fascinating color of a hot fudge sundae), and very little else, I understood perfectly—about the cop. Dorothy Lamour's sarong looks like a mother hubbard compared with Hedy Lamarr's sarong.

When I arrived on the set Director Richard Thorpe was delivering a lecture to actors Richard Carlson, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan. "Boys," said Director Thorpe sadly, "I wish you wouldn't stare quite so hard at Hedy. It seems to make you forget your lines. We're already behind schedule." A few minutes later I was to see what poor Mr. Thorpe was having to contend with.

Hedy, as barefooted as the day she was born, slithered on to the set with a jingle of bracelets, and said in her best native girl manner, "Tondeleyo feel very happy," right on cue. There was a long silence. Miss Lamarr stood it as long as she could, and then she turned on Walter Pidgeon and indignantly demanded, "Well, brother, what's wrong with you?"

Walter Pidgeon—who on last Father's Day was voted the most perfect father of the year—came to in great confusion. "Darling," he exclaimed apologetically, "I am so sorry. I was so overcome by your beauty I completely forgot my lines." In a loud aside to Richard Carlson, he added, "For what I was thinking I could be thrown off the set." Why, *Mr. Miniver!* Tsch! Tsch!

On the next take Hedy, to her great annoyance, forgot *her* lines. Walter called gaily to her, "You were overcome by *me* then, weren't you, darling?"

"No," said Hedy, emphatically.

"Well, you don't have to be so bloody loud in your denials," said Walter, pretending to be deeply hurt.

Everybody had a good laugh. A boy from the make-up department sprayed glycerin on all their manly faces (heaven only knows no one needed it with Hedy running up the temperature), and for the next half

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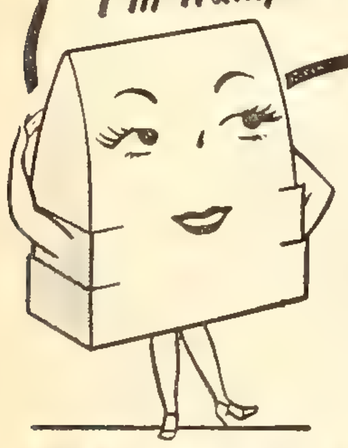

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hour *Tondeleyo* proceeded to make good her local reputation.

The scene finished at last, the vamp of the veldt and I had a few minutes' chat in her dressing room. All Hedy's adored "naughty pine" had been covered with sheets to keep her from rubbing off. "I have two blue ribbons now," Hedy proudly informed me, "I am like a prize cow."

(One of the exhibitor-trade papers recently bestowed blue ribbon awards on Hedy for her performances in "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," and "Tortilla Flat." A year ago Hedy wouldn't even have noticed this honor. But then, too, a year ago she wouldn't have received it.)

"What's cooking in the love department?" I asked quickly, before she could get going on her career, which has suddenly become so important to her.

"Nothing," said Hedy. "My life is an open book, with no page missing. I have been terribly hurt these last few weeks. Believe me. When I decided to call off my engagement I was so sad I didn't want to see anyone but my family for days. The best thing that could have happened to me was this picture starting when it did. Heartbreak either throws you down and knocks you out, or spurs you on to work harder than you have ever done before. I literally hurled myself into my career. I have never worked so hard on any picture. I don't regret anything that has happened. If you never get hurt you cannot have a full life. Last week I was so miserable I thought I was through with love forever. But now I feel differently about it. I hope some day to find real love.

"When George and I were engaged I made many plans for the future. But I don't believe now that anything pertaining to love can be planned. When a woman and a man are in love the world is empty, except for the two of them. Whether or not this love lasts depends entirely on whether each lives up to the things the other sees in him.

"When love has passed," Hedy continued seriously, while a make-up girl gave her a new chocolate frosting, "I do not believe in trying to cling on to the broken bits. It is silly to kid yourself along when you know that all is over, and never again can be the way it was. It is so much better for both people if the break is fast and clean. The suffering is more intense, perhaps, but it doesn't last so long. I am very happy again. When George came to take me to the theater the other evening, he said, 'Why are you so happy? Is it because I am back?'

"I said 'No,' (our Miss Hedy is definitely a no-girl) 'I am happy because I am happy again.'"

Director Thorpe stuck his head in at the door. It seemed he wanted his *Tondeleyo* back on the set. And so, no doubt, did the rest of the men.

To understand Hedy—though I'm sure I don't know why we should go around trying to understand people—you must realize that she is a girl who never lives in the past. What's done is done, as far as Hedy is concerned. Hedy is probably the only actress in Hollywood who has never kept a scrapbook. None of that dreaming over old clippings, old triumphs, old pictures, old loves for our Hedy. She lives completely in the present. It's much more exciting that way. Because she lives so completely in the present exciting things will always happen to her. And when that old wheelchair finally gets her Hedy will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has lived her life to the fullest. Which is the way it was undoubtedly meant to be lived.

As I left the stage I must have looked more bewildered than usual, for Hedy called to me cheerily, from the midst of the jungle, "Don't mind anything I said. You write better about me without me. I only confuse you!"

Tips For Lips

Continued from page 55

Marlene Dietrich has a siren mouth, pure and simple. The only difficulty it presents is that it seems hard these days to find sirens off the screen, or am I wrong? Anyway, here it is, very similar to Vivien Leigh's mouth, only fuller. In spite of Miss Dietrich's fine screen performances, I always see behind her fascinating make-up, the lovely true blonde I first met in Hollywood some years ago. A transparent skin, long golden lashes that shone in the sun and hair blonde with that young sheen of a child's. And I remember simple, cordial words of welcome. Simple memories like this are often more important than we realize. Remember this, in your greetings to others. For you who want a smidgen of pure, undiluted seduction, here are your lips!

I could write a great deal about Dorothy Lamour at this point—Dorothy, her sarong and her mouth. But for our purpose, hers is a strong, dependable, energetic mouth and it is in perfect harmony with her slumberous eyes. It is a very human mouth and a generous and kind one—a very good type to have. I am sorry we had to cut down Dorothy's picture, for she wears a lovely hat, and its significance is important. It is part of a costume worn to a tea with the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Roosevelt, following Dorothy's last War Savings Bond tour.

Dorothy, you know, is a Bond salesgirl *par excellence*. And I feel sure that Dorothy believes the most important words from her lips are, "Buy Bonds—and more Bonds and more Bonds!" However, the good news is that Miss Lamour continues to entertain us exotically as well as help us practically.

It is always difficult for me to reconcile the gracious, charming, sincere Bette Davis of normal life with the great dramatic actress of the screen. The Davis mouth is an unusual one, definitely sculptured by make-up for words that are strong and stinging, or touching beyond most. A man once commented to me that he was fascinated by the Davis mouth. "Why?" I asked. "Because it can say so much and such unexpected things," said he. It is definitely a mouth of surprise and electric effect, and yet it is just two lips with very little curve.

It is the mouth of a strong, determined character, no weak sister. I asked Miss Davis for what she considered one of the most important quotes from an important picture. The words are from "Dark Victory," spoken to her husband: "Look out the window there. It's so shining and quiet. Somehow, our life together has been like that. And that's our victory—our victory over the dark." Those words seem applicable today—"our victory over the dark"—something we hope and pray for in this war. ". . . out the window there. It's so shining and quiet." That day will come, too, and when it does, let us remember that the outward gilt and glamor of Hollywood played a very special part—women, just like ourselves, working and serving and being good soldiers. And inspiring us, too, to remain attractive and to lend this feminine angle to morale!

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"The Big Street"

Continued from page 27

ordinary mortals. He felt as if it were his own life that was at stake as Broadway's own Doc Mitchell examined the unconscious girl.

"She got a family?" the doctor asked the weeping colored girl hovering over her mistress.

"Only a Pekingese called Baby," Ruby said. She had been Gloria's maid since her star had begun rising and it hadn't been easy. But Ruby loved the glamor and the excitement and the casual generosities Gloria had shown her. The colored girl was the only confidante Her Highness had ever had.

Little Pinks stepped out of the crowd surging around the dressing-room door. "Can I do anything, Doc?" he gulped. And then as the doctor shook his head, the boy's mouth tightened. "I'll stand by," he said.

"It's going to be a long stand." The doctor straightened. "A long, long stand. Spine fracture. Heart too."

Ruby became voluble at that. "Don't that beat providence how that gal got caught up with so quickly?" she demanded.

"Shut up, Ruby!" Little Pinks turned on her. "She's going to pull through."

"If the rocks hold out." Ruby glanced at the overflowing jewelry box on the dressing-table. "I think we'll start with the littlest bracelet."

That was the first to go, the diamond and ruby wrist-watch was the second. One after the other all those glittering baubles Gloria had given her life to reached the pawn shop, but the bills kept coming. Surgery, anaesthetic, X-rays, nurses, hospital bills, they marked the trail of the long illness. And then six months were gone and with them the last bracelet. It was just enough to pay for the last month's bills.

"Nothing left?" Little Pinks asked dully. He looked thinner than ever. He hadn't been eating right. All his money went to make Her Highness as happy as she could be under the circumstances. Little Pinks wasn't going to let her know Broadway had forgotten her.

"Nary a thing," Ruby nodded glumly, "except the ermine coat. And we can't sell that. It'd kill her. She just likes to look at it."

"What are we going to do?" Little Pinks asked.

"Charity ward, Mr. Pinks," Ruby said. "It's the only answer." And then at his furious objection, "I hate to have to do this, but I gotta resign. I got a family to keep in groceries."

"You've been wonderful, Ruby." Little Pinks took her hand. "You've stuck by when everybody else walked out."

"*You're* still sticking." Ruby looked at him anxiously. "You ought to think of yourself a little."

"I gotta get this straightened out first." The boy took his hat and walked to the door and Ruby shook her head tearfully.

"There's just some white people who are *no foolin'* white," she told herself.

Little Pinks thought hard on that walk to Doc's office. Case Ables had made himself scarce after the tragedy from which he had been absolved of all guilt, what with the fifteen witnesses he had produced to show Her Highness was drunk and had tripped down those stairs. But Little Pinks knew better, just as everybody else did, though no one was bothering about it but him.

"We got to do something, Doc." His hands held the edge of the doctor's desk so hard his knuckles strained. "Can't we sue?"

"We haven't got a case, Pinks," the doctor said. "The way Ables has it rigged, she'd be laughed right out of court. Pinks!" His tired eyes studied the boy. "You've been knocking yourself out. The first hungry germ comes along, you'll be getting your mail in Arizona. Why do you do it?"

"Do what?" Little Pinks asked.

"Those flowers every couple of days." The doctor took a handful of cards out of his desk. "'Love, Decatur Reed.' 'Thinking of you constantly, Leo Mindy.' 'Waiting to star you in my new show, Dwight Wiman.' 'Will you appear on my radio program? Orson Welles.'"

The boy pretended not to understand. "It's wonderful that people don't forget her," he said staunchly.

"It's wonderful everybody has the same handwriting." The doctor smiled. Then, as the boy didn't answer, "Pinks, this is too big a load for you. You *got* to have help. Maybe I can get her into the Equity Home at Lake Placid."

"No!" The cry was torn from Little Pink's agonized heart. "She'll die, I tell you. She wouldn't take charity. Her Highness couldn't take it."

"She takes yours," the doctor said quietly.

"That's different. She don't know."

"Pinks." The doctor's voice was gentle. "I wish I could put your eyes in my skull and let you look at her the way she really is."

Little Pinks' eyes blazed. "We could always get another doctor," he said, getting to his feet.

"Sorry I shot off my mouth," the older man sighed. "I'll take care of her, free for nothing. But I can't afford to pay for the hospital too."

Little Pinks did some more thinking on the way to the hospital and when he got there he knew what he had to do. But it was difficult looking at the girl lying there against the tiny embroidered pillows, the girl still so beautiful in spite of that long siege of pain. Her head had lifted eagerly as she snatched the mirror from her bedside table when she heard the door open. Then disappointment glazed her eyes when she saw who it was.

"Hiya, Pinks." She put the mirror back as if it were no longer important. "You still look like the worms been gnawing at you."

"You look great," Little Pinks said, his eyes going to the big basket of roses, the one he had sent that morning. "The flowers, too."

"Decatur Reed." She nodded complacently. "He's been giving me the El Morocco rush. Ten bucks a dozen for the poison ivy and coming regular. And Ables

The two great big smiles above belong to newlyweds Lana Turner and Stephen Crane, who were recently married in Las Vegas.

CAST

"THE BIG STREET"

(RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.)

Little Pinks.....Henry Fonda
Gloria Lyons.....Lucille Ball
Case Ables.....Barton MacLane
Professor B......Ray Collins
Horsethief.....Sam Levene
Violette Shumberger
Agnes Moorehead
Nicely Nicely Johnson
Eugene Pallette
Decatur Reed.....William Orr
Ruby.....Louise Beavers
Colonel Venus.....George Cleveland
Mrs. Venus.....Marion Martin
and
Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra

thought he traded me off to the bush leagues."

"It's a wonder Mr. Reed never comes to see you," the nurse said in a way that showed she had a few scores of her own to settle with Her Highness.

Gloria had thought that herself but she wasn't going to be caught without an answer. "You think I'd let him come to this horrible joint?" she demanded. "I'm going to convalesce at his place in Palm Beach. It's forty acres with a swimming-pool and champagne for breakfast." She turned back to Little Pinks then. "When I get to be Mrs. Decatur Reed, I'm going to buy a special body job just to run Case Ables into the gutter."

"First you got to get well," Little Pinks said and then as she lifted her eyebrows questioningly, "You're kind of temporarily broke," he explained.

"Decatur Reed's got plenty," Her Highness sniffed.

"But—but—" Pinks began stammering the way he always did when Her Highness became more uppity and difficult than usual. "You wouldn't want to go to Mr. Reed. It wouldn't be right," he finished lamely.

"Listen, bus boy." Her eyes narrowed. "Don't give me no sermons!"

His eyes implored her to understand. "I figured maybe you'd come and live at my place until you were strong again," he said.

"Live at your place!" Her Highness's voice rose to a scream. "Me, the Park Avenue kid, living at *your* place? Get out of here, you dumb garbage collector."

"It wouldn't cost anything," he pointed out patiently.

"Get out!" Her hand reached out and grabbed the mirror. "Get out!" she screamed as she threw it at him.

But she *was* coming to his place, after all. There wasn't anything else she could do. Little Pinks felt as if he were suffocating when he thought of it, with his heart jumping up into his throat like that, halfway between ecstasy and fear. He'd have to see that everything was nice for her. Her Highness was used to nice things.

Nicely Nicely Johnson and Horsethief and Professor B. all rallied around when he told them. They didn't have any use for Her Highness but Little Pinks was tops with them and they knew how it was with a man who loved a girl, and so it was for his sake they put the pressure on the gang to collect the money for the wheel-chair and the artificial flowers and streamers they hung in garlands around Little Pink's basement room, covering the bare spots where the plaster had cracked with badges they had saved from social club outings and fixing up the couch with the cretonne pillows they borrowed from Miss Shumberger's room upstairs.

Now Violette Shumberger was one of those women who looked as if a stiff breeze would blow her away and as if she couldn't possibly eat more than a small-sized sparrow would stack away for lunch. But Violette's appetite was equalled only by her generosity and though she loved those cushions she had made herself from remnants bought at a bargain store, she couldn't say no when Nicely Nicely asked for them. He was the champion eater of Broadway and looked it, and he had an expert's admiration for Violette who could equal his capacity at any meal and still get into a size eleven with room left over. And even if he hadn't liked Little Pinks anyway he'd always be grateful that it was through him he'd met Violette. Nicely Nicely couldn't do enough to make Gloria's homecoming a success, just to make Little Pinks happy.

Her Highness looked more lofty and unobtainable than ever as she sat in the cab, her ermine coat hugged tightly about her. Little Pinks' heart was banging so hard he thought all the neighborhood kids gathered around watching them must hear it as he picked her up and carried her to the house.

"You live in a rotten neighborhood," she said disdainfully, and then as he started down the basement steps, her hold on him tightened. "What are you going down the cellar for?" she demanded.

"It's where I live," Little Pinks said. "It's a pretty nice room." And then as her shrill protest came and she said she wouldn't go, he smiled appealingly. "Just come in and sit down for a moment," he coaxed. "If you don't like it, we'll make some other arrangement."

"Okay." Her Highness smiled the way a duchess would to one of the peasants. "But I'm not committing myself."

Everybody was waiting when they came in and Mrs. Lefkowitz, the landlady, was so excited, she almost cut herself with the knife she was using to slice sandwiches. But Gloria paid no attention to any of them as Little Pinks deposited her in the wheel-chair. Then suddenly there was a stir among the cretonne cushions and there was Baby rushing toward her and jumping into her lap.

Funny, how she changed then. She wasn't Her Highness at all as she hugged the dog, rocking him as if he were a baby. Nobody had ever seen her show any feeling before and it sort of embarrassed them hearing her voice break that way as she whispered "Baby" over and over again. But none of them were as embarrassed as Gloria when that first joy was over and her eyes looked colder than ever as she glanced around the room, her lips tightening when she saw the paper flowers.

"What is this?" she demanded. "A funeral?"

"You know Horsethief," Little Pinks put in quickly, trying to cover up. "And Nicely Nicely and Professor B. and—"

"Yeah, I know them and so what?" She glared. "Get them out of here!" And then as Little Pinks hesitated. "Get them out, I said."

Little Pinks looked agonized as the others filed out of the room and then he turned pleadingly toward her but she was staring straight ahead, her hand smoothing Baby's fur. "I won't stay here," she said. "I'd rather be dead."

"Don't talk like that." Little Pinks pleaded.

"I'm through, Pinks." Suddenly she began and Little Pinks felt he couldn't stand it, listening to her cry that way. It was worse than when she was being mean and demanding and disdainful. "They mashed me to a pulp and now they throw me on the dump. I can't stand it!"

"You're going to be well again. Real soon," he lied desperately. "The Doc told

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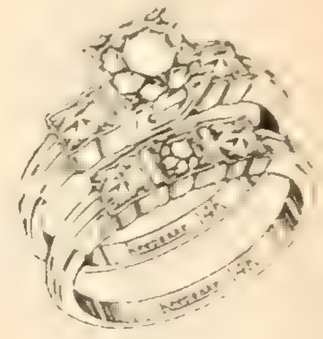

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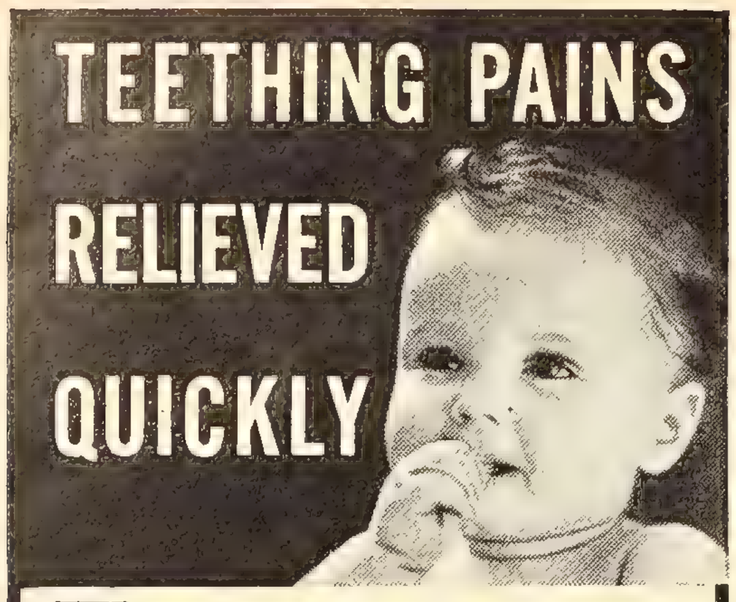

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me. It's better than an even money bet."

"How about my pins?" She looked up at him as a child might. "Will I be able to dance?"

"Better than ever!" And he sounded so convincing, she smiled.

"All right, then." Her hand stroking the dog relaxed. "So I'll be leading a Conga line, huh? Oh, am I going to pull that Decatur Reed around by his wallet! And I won't forget you, Pinks. No, sir. I'll make you my butler with a full dress suit and a striped vest. Make out like you're the butler now, Pinks."

"Yes, Madame." Little Pinks bowed gravely.

"Right on the beam, Pinks." Her laugh came eagerly. "Draw my bath. Bring me champagne."

"Yes, Madame." Pinks bowed again. "Yes, Madame."

"Get out the Rolls Royce." Even her eyes were laughing now. "There'll be forty-seven for dinner tonight." Suddenly she paused terrified and the laughter was crowded out of her eyes by her fear. "You're sure, aren't you, Pinks?" she whispered.

"I'm sure, Madame," Little Pinks answered calmly.

Sometimes she was like that, a frightened child, and sometimes she just sat with her eyes staring dully ahead, and sometimes she scolded and raved, and the times when she planned for the future came fewer and fewer. Little Pinks never stopped worrying about her, though Mrs. Lefkowitz helped out when he was at the Club now that Violette had married Nicely Nicely and the two of them had gone to Florida to open a hamburger stand. But often the cigarette girl at the Club would whisper to him that Gloria had called up and was hysterical and Little Pinks would leave, though it meant his pay would be cut. And he'd take the champagne bottle that he'd filled with the dregs left in the bottles he cleared from the tables and the caviar remaining in the bowls and hurry home to her.

One night after she called he was more upset than ever. It was snowing and the cold went right through his thin overcoat. He didn't mind for himself but Her Highness hated the cold so. It was just as if she could never get really warm, even with her ermine coat spread out over all the extra blankets Mrs. Lefkowitz had given her.

"How do you feel, Your Highness?" he said, trying to sound jovial as he came in.

"Shut the door, you dumb ox," she blazed. "Like an icicle, that's how I feel. That gas stove ain't worth a nickel and it stinks besides."

"I brought you something," Little Pinks said. "I'll make some toast and boil an egg. That's the way you like the caviar."

"I'm sick of those stale fish eggs," she said. "I'm sick of this joint. I'm sick of *you!*"

"The Doc says you're doing good." Little Pinks smiled encouragingly. "All you need is a little patience."

"The Doc!" Her lips curled. "He's doing his best to keep me on my back. He's got some big stars for his patients and they don't want no competition from me."

"Don't think such things," Little Pinks begged.

"Don't tell me what to say, bus boy," her voice came savagely. Then in that unpredictable way of hers it changed, became frightened, pleading. "Pinks, I'm afraid, see? I've been laying here for all of my life. I'm afraid I'll never get out, Pinks."

"Sure you will," he soothed.

"I'm cold all the time, Pinks," she whimpered.

"It'll be Spring soon," he promised. "The snow makes the trees bud fast. It's always a fast Spring when there's lots of snow."

"I want to go where it's warm," she said. "Like Florida."

"We can't, Your Highness." He shook his head. "No dough. We couldn't even pay for half fare on the train or even a bus."

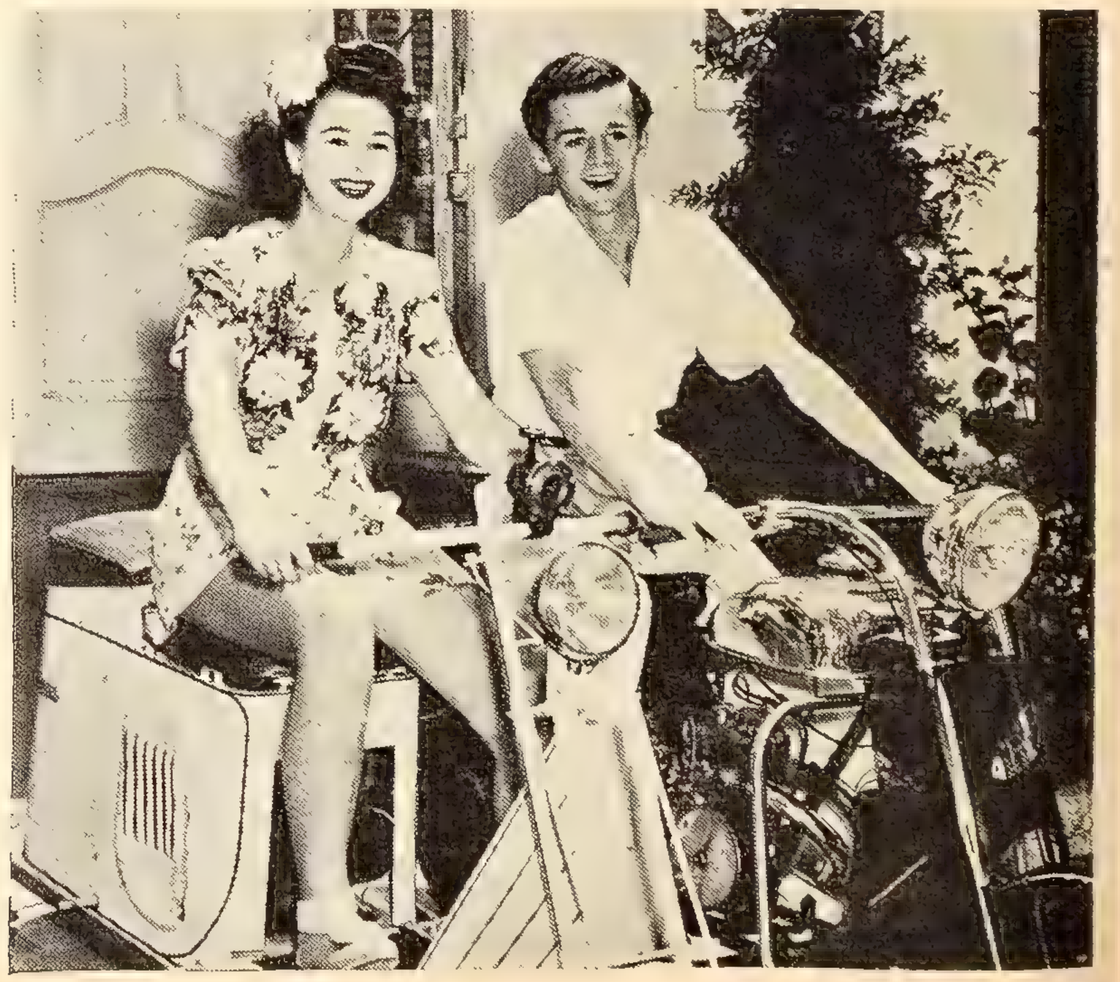
"We don't have to go by train," she said. "We could walk." And then at his uncomprehending stare, "*You* could. Baby and me could sit in the chair. You could push me."

"All the way to Florida!" he gasped. "It's a thousand miles, I bet. A thousand miles easy."

"But it'd be warm there, Pinks," she urged. "If I get the sun on me I'll be the old girl and then nobody could stop me. I'll be Mrs. Decatur Reed so fast." She trembled then and her teeth began chattering. "I'm cold, Pinks. So cold!"

"You'll be warm soon," he said, taking her hands and rubbing them between his own. "You'll be warm." And he knew he'd have to get Her Highness to Florida any way that he could.

Of course, it was ridiculous thinking of walking. Horsethief and Professor B. thought so too and though they didn't care about Her Highness, they knew they'd have to do something for Little Pinks. They put the bee on all the boys at Mindy's until they almost had enough for train tickets; then they saw in a racing form that a two-year-old named Dancer was the favorite for the third at Santa Anita and



Jane Withers, who is starring in "Johnny Doughboy," Republic's musical extravaganza, and her best pal, Freddie Bartholomew, are all set to try out their shiny new autogliders.

seeing that Her Highness had been a dancer, it looked like a sure hunch. They could send them off in style if that horse came in. But it didn't, and so one cold winter day Little Pinks set off wheeling Her Highness in her chair and she looked so grand wearing that ermine coat of hers, everybody stared as they came up to the entrance of the Hudson Tube.

The cops stopped them but Her Highness put on such a scene that in sheer desperation they stopped a truck going South and hoisted the wheel-chair up on it with Little Pinks standing beside it like a one-man guard of honor. It was a big break, for it took them all the way to Washington. After that it didn't seem so bad, going through Virginia and South Carolina and Georgia, getting lifts somtimes and sometimes walking. For it was getting warmer all the time and though Little Pinks felt the heat pushing the chair, it was good to see Her Highness reaching toward that warm sun as if it were something she could cling to.

Sometimes they had sandwiches and sometimes hamburgers but one night Little Pinks stole a chicken and cooked it over the fire he'd made in a clearing in the woods.

"You're a good cook, Pinks," Her Highness said as she finished eating.

"I used to watch the chef all the time." Little Pinks was glowing the way he always did when she was nice.

"Chicken wasn't as fresh as this," she said.

"They didn't steal it right off the farm," he pointed out.

"It was pretty easy, wasn't it?" She put up her hand to cover a yawn.

"I didn't like doing it much," Little Pinks confessed.

"I told you once, you gotta take what you want," she taunted. "That's the only way you'll ever get anything."

"Suppose what you want don't want you?" Little Pinks said, thinking of the only thing in the world he really wanted.

"Push people out of your way," she shrugged. "Step on them. Just figure out an angle."

"An angle," he repeated. Suddenly his courage came. After all, wasn't it her own advice he was acting on? "Maybe you're right," he said eagerly. "So I want to say something right now. I got to say it. It's like a balloon that's got to burst. I can't keep it down any more. I'll get you everything that Decatur Reed could. More. Much more! *Twice* as much more. If I only thought I had a chance—if you—" He broke off abruptly as he looked at her. Her Highness was fast asleep.

The next day they crossed the state line into Florida, but it was still a few days before they came to Miami where Nicely Nicely and Violette had settled. Only now they didn't look so conspicuous with him wheeling Gloria down the boardwalk and she wearing the summer outfit she'd saved for this triumphal entrance. Then suddenly her voice came in a shrill whisper: "Get me out of here! Quick! There's Decatur Reed!"

Swiftly he wheeled her into the shelter of a store entrance and he turned to see Decatur Reed and a pretty girl laughing together as they walked into the entrance of a beach club.

"That dame with him goes back to high shoes!" Gloria turned to Little Pinks furiously. "Start pushing, will you? Or do you want me to sit in this sun until I dry up like a baked apple?"

It was swell seeing Violette and Nicely Nicely again. Even Gloria brightened a little and Little Pinks was feeling all warm and happy again until she suddenly demanded that he buy her beach pajamas.

"I got to get a job right away," Little Pinks said to Violette after they'd taken Her Highness to her room. "I got to get her some pajamas."

Violette shook her head. "Pinks, I gotta say this," she sighed. "You're a terrible fool and somebody ought to take your pants down and kick you around the block. But I guess I'm a fool, too. Here!" She opened her bag and took out a bill. "Buy her the gold-darndest pajamas in Miami!"

Looking at Her Highness wearing those pajamas was reward enough for Little Pinks. There wasn't a girl at the Beach Club who could compare with her. He wheeled her there every day, getting an umbrella on the sand and depositing her under it while he left to look for a job. He knew she saw Decatur Reed there and that he was getting interested in her all over again, never guessing she was a hopeless invalid. But Little Pinks didn't mind that. He didn't mind anything that would make her happy. That was the way he loved her.

Then the day he got the job at the Florida Club and was hurrying back to tell her all about it, he met Horsethief and Professor B., who had come to Florida to see how the horses were doing at Tropical, ambling along the boardwalk, and since it didn't occur to him that anyone, even Her Highness, wouldn't be pleased silly to see those two right guys, he asked them to come along. His eyes were shining as he went over to her. "Look who I found outside," he said.

"What did you bring these guys here for?" she demanded sharply. "This is a class joint. Get me out of here and tell those moolies to scatter."

"She's only kidding," Little Pinks tried to smile as he turned to the boys, but it didn't go over. He saw that as he leaned over and picked Her Highness up in his arms.

"You shouldn't have said that remark to the boys," he said as he carried her toward the entrance.

"Shut up!" Her small hand struck at him. "If you had a brain in your head, you wouldn't've brought them here. Suppose Decatur Reed sees them!"

"I guess for a moment I just forgot about Decatur Reed." he said, and for the first time he felt annoyed at her. She shouldn't have treated the boys that way. They were his pals.

He felt her tensing as he put her in the wheel-chair and felt ashamed of his outburst. Then he saw it wasn't he who had made her shrink. It was Decatur Reed just entering the club with a gay party. He was looking at Her Highness and knowing how she had lied to him, seeing a girl who couldn't even walk, and men like him didn't have use for girls who had to be taken care of.

"Hello," he smiled casually. "See you soon." But from the way he said it, anyone could see that he never intended seeing Gloria again if he could help it.

"You did it deliberately," Gloria stormed as Reed went inside. She was in a temper, and Horsethief and the Professor coming after them just then didn't help any. "Don't kid me. You planned it like this. You wanted him to see me in this chair. You're my enemy."

"Please, Your Highness," Little Pinks begged. "It's all right now. I got a job. I'll make it up to you. I swear I will."

"*You'll* make it up!" She laughed derisively. "You got a job? What kind of a job? A broker maybe? A banker? How about maybe president! Go on, tell me."

"A bus boy," Little Pinks said miserably.

"Cleaning tables!" Her lips curled. "Filling glasses. Making with the butter. And *you'll* make it up to me! Get out of here!"

"I'll get." Little Pinks looked at her steadily. "And maybe I won't come back."

She had pushed him too far. Funny the

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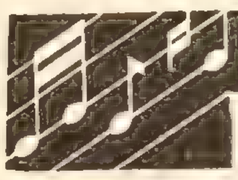

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way it was her acting that way with the boys that hurt more than the things she said to him. Little Pinks really thought he meant it as he stalked away, leaving his discomfited friends to push her home.

But of course he saw her again. Even if Violette hadn't come to the Florida Club that night telling him Gloria had collapsed, he would have gone back. Now he was like a mad man as he began taking off his white bus boy's coat.

"If you walk out of here, you're fired," the captain said.

"But it's an emergency," Little Pinks explained. Then he stiffened as he saw the door to the office opening and Case Ables coming out.

"What kind of carryings on is this?" the big man demanded. "I run a respectable joint, not a pig market."

"You run—?" Little Pinks looked at him in astonishment.

"Sure I run." Ables laughed derisively. "How do you think you got your job?"

Little Pinks leaped at him then hitting him so hard he sent him sprawling to the floor. But he felt better as he hurried after Violette. He felt like a man.

The doctor was talking to Nicely Nicely when they got back but Little Pinks didn't want to talk to him then; he only wanted to see Gloria. She was lying in the room Violette had fixed for her, the nicest room in the bungalow, with its windows opening on the balcony and to his amazement she was humming the song she used to sing in the club back in New York. "Remember that song?" she asked.

"Sure," he nodded. "You used to have the people in the aisles."

"I'm singing it for the last time, Pinks," she said slowly. And then ignoring his protest, "Know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that I'm in a swell supper spot with gold and marble and servants all dressed up in satin pants and Decatur Reed is there too and a lot of classy people. And I walk in."

"You'd knock 'em dead," Little Pinks assured her. But she didn't hear him. Her eyes were misty with dreams and she was lost in her own world, the world she created for herself.

"I got on a white dress, see?" Her voice came in that soft hushed way it did when she dreamed. "White net, very long, and all over it are little diamonds that shine, and I'm wearing my hair straight back, and when I walk in all the columnists take out their gold pencils and all the dames look like last year's models, and all the guys would give a year's salary just to dance with me. And I walk along like I was a duchess, holding an orchid in my hand, a white orchid." Suddenly she looked down at her small, empty hand and it brought her back to reality. "There's no orchid, Pinks," she whispered. "No orchid."

"I'll bring you dozens of them," Little Pinks said. "Dozens!"

"No." She looked away. "There's no anything, Pinks. Just a broken-down komoppo in a wheel-chair—waiting, Pinks, just waiting."

It didn't do any good to say the doctor had promised she would be well soon. Her Highness had heard that too many times. And when Little Pinks went in to the other room and saw the doctor's face, he knew it was worse, worse than he had thought even.

"Did you ever hear of anything called paranoia?" the doctor asked. Then at Little Pinks' uncomprehending stare, "No, I guess you didn't. Well, it's what happens when people think they're somebody they're not. It doesn't usually matter except when the illusion is shattered. Then they kind of wither up unless it's restored."

They wither up! Her Highness withered up. Not if Little Pinks could help it. Her Highness had to have all those things she had been dreaming about so it wouldn't happen to her. She just *had* to have them, no matter how he managed it.

It was then Little Pinks began running away from reality too, just the way Her Highness did. It was Little Pinks now who was beginning to dream, those impossible dreams he had to make come true. And the next night when he was passing the Florida Club and he saw the seductive blonde come out, the woman he had served so often in the Club and who he knew was the wife of the middle-aged Colonel Venus, who was something of a joke because he didn't know his wife was two-timing him with a tall, dark young Latin, Little Pinks knew his dream was beginning to come true. For she was wearing a dress that could have been the one Gloria had described to him, white and net and long and all over it little diamonds that shone. And it didn't need the newsboy going by right then shouting an extra about the latest jewel robbery to make him know what he had to do.

First he saw Horsethief and the Professor and the reformed crook they introduced him to at the cheap bar nearby, the gentleman crook who only shook his head when Little Pinks gave out with his proposition.

"I have retired from the hoist," the crook said. "No percentage any more. Syndicates have driven the rest of us out of business, syndicates who engage in the entirely unethical practice of clipping the insurance companies. The middleman gets everything these days and the laborer nothing for his hire."

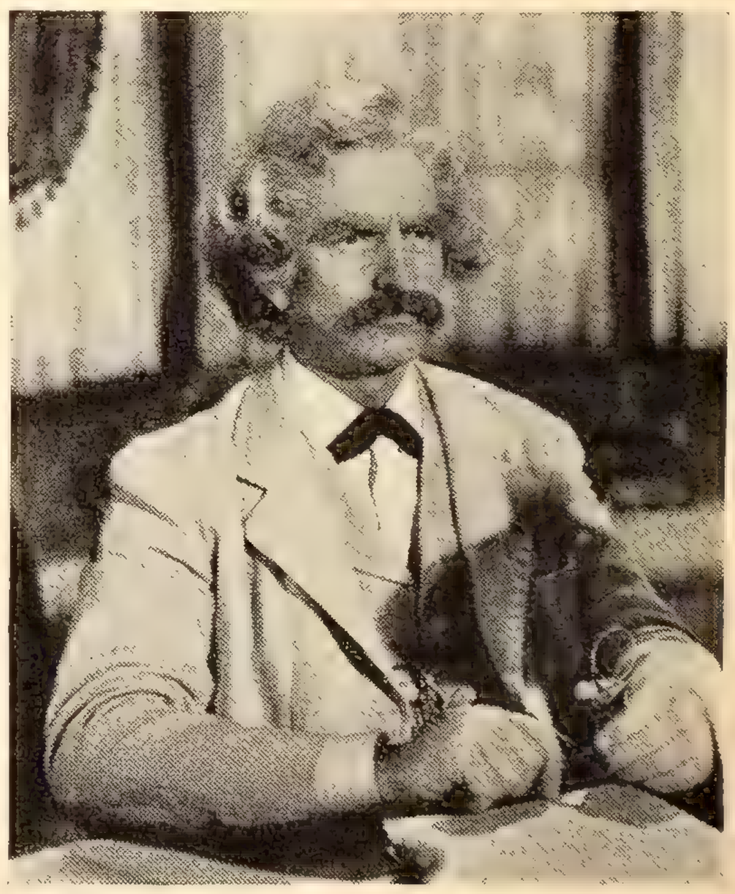
"Then I'll do it myself," Little Pinks said.

"Please, Pinks." The Professor shook his head. "You can't start at the top with these things. At least begin with a little pocket-picking or such odd jobs."

"I got to get that dress!" Little Pinks said desperately. "It's a matter of life and death."

He got up and walked to the door and Horsethief started after him. But the Promessor called him back. "Don't, Horsethief," he said. "When a man has that kind of look in his eyes, he's liable to clop you good."

Little Pinks might have been robbing houses all his life, he was so professional about it, climbing the iron gates of the Venus estate, running toward the house, zigzagging from one tree to another, climbing the trellis to the balcony outside that lighted room on the second floor he could see was a bedroom. The French



Fredric March, above, made up with long hair and mustache for his title characterization in "The Adventures of Mark Twain."

Ann Sheridan, as Martha Washington, for a dream sequence in "George Washington Slept Here," in which Jack Benny is her co-star.

doors leading to it were open and Little Pinks slipped inside, breathing easier when he saw it was empty. Then he had an hysterical impulse to laugh as he saw the dress hanging in the opened closet. It took only a minute to slip it off the hanger and he was about to go when he saw the open safe in the wall of the closet, dripping with jewels. Involuntarily his hand went toward it, then he withdrew it again. The dress was different. He couldn't steal diamonds, even for Her Highness.

It was then he heard the voices, a man's and a woman's, and closing the door of the closet he stiffened against the wall, taking care not to muss the dress hanging over his arm. And then he knew the gossip at the Club about Mrs. Venus was true, for the woman's voice was hers and the man's her young gigolo's.

"I tell you to get out, you termite," Mrs. Venus was whispering as they came into the bedroom.

"Do you listen nice?" the man said with a sneer. "Or do I tell your mister you think he's a checkbook with the gout?"

"You haven't got anything on me," she faltered.

"A paper napkin with 'I love you, Lou,' written in lipstick," he sneered. "A platinum watch engraved to Ducky from Wucky."

"Nobody would believe I was Wucky," she said.

"How about the jeweler?" The man laughed. "He's a friend of mine."

"You know all the cash I get is two dollars a week for gum!" Mrs. Venus sounded desperate.

"You're heeled plenty in the ice department," the man pointed out. "And you'll only be giving it up temporary. Hand 'em over. Say they were stolen. My syndicate recovers them, gives them back to the insurance company. We get a reward and you get the stuff back. It's very popular these days. Such a deal was consummated last night. You read, of course, that Mrs. Laird got cleaned good. One of our boys did that. A Russian count. Very good man."

"I don't believe you," Mrs. Venus protested.

"We got fine references." The man laughed. "Case Ables good enough for you? Well, he's the brain behind the whole thing. Supposin' I showed you a little proof? Mrs. Laird's ruby clips!"

Little Pinks jumped then. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket and he was so excited he didn't notice that his well-worn social security card came out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell on the floor. Then tying the handkerchief over his mouth he grabbed a handful of jewels from the safe and stuffed them into his pocket, putting his hand into it too and pointing it so it looked like a concealed gun as he sprang into the bedroom.

"Reach!" he ordered. "Any talk and I'll plug you. Hand over those clips." And then as the gigolo held them out he stopped him. "Put 'em in your handkerchief. Those fingerprints will come in handy." He was being carried along on the momentum of his own excitement and he was feeling awfully sure of himself as the other man complied with his request. "Both of you stick here ten minutes," he ordered as he put them in his pocket with the other jewels. "Don't forget I got enough on you to hang you!"

It was the next afternoon Little Pinks walked into the Florida Club again and went right in to Able's private office.

"The G-men are coming in on the Venus robbery," he was saying as the boy opened the door. "That'll teach whoever it is not to compete with Case Ables."

"Will it?" Little Pinks said quietly, taking one of the ruby clips out of his pocket. "I thought you might be interested in this." Then as Ables started towards him he held up a warning hand. "Not so fast! There's another clip all covered with your thumb prints. The cops get it with a letter, if I don't come back in an hour."

"All hyped up, aren't you, Pinks?" Ables leered.

"Certainly am," Little Pinks said calmly.

"You could use a little cash?" Ables suggested.

"Maybe," Little Pinks said. "But I could use something else more. Such as this club tomorrow night. I want to take the joint over for a private party. Champagne, caviar, the best, see, *on you*. And you invite the guests. Everybody important, but especially Decatur Reed. And if you do, you get the clip and everything else back."

"It's wacky." Ables stared at him. "But it's a deal. You keep your part."

"If you keep yours," Little Pinks said, realizing how easy it was to talk big when he held all the cards. "I got the invitation all figured out. Take it." And he started to dictate as Ables began scribbling on a pad. "'You are cordially invited to attend a supper party in honor of Her Highness, Saturday, the eleventh of January, at the Florida Club.'"

Her Highness couldn't believe it when Little Pinks told her about the party that was being given just for her, but her thin hand caressed the lovely, filmy white dress and her eyes sparkled almost as brightly as the diamond necklace she had already clasped around her throat. So what if it was wrong, what he had done, Little Pinks thought. All he knew was that the color had come back into her face and her eyes were no longer dull and dead. If it was a crime to save a life, so okay, it was a crime. He didn't regret it.

Violette got a new dress for the party and the boys, even Nicely Nicely, hired dress suits. But Little Pinks went in his bus boy uniform. It wouldn't look right to Her Highness if he showed up as a guest. And he went early just to make sure everything would go right.

"More champagne, Ables," he ordered as the tables began filling up and everybody was wondering in exciting whispers who Her Highness might be.

"Who do you think I am?" Ables demanded. "Sherman Billingsley?"

"I said champagne, Ables," Little Pinks said in that new voice of his. "And none of that eyewash you're trying to palm off. Confine it to the McCoy. I gave the chef orders to make it squab, partridge, and pheasant. You can't get away with lamb chops."

"Okay." Ables frowned. "When does Her

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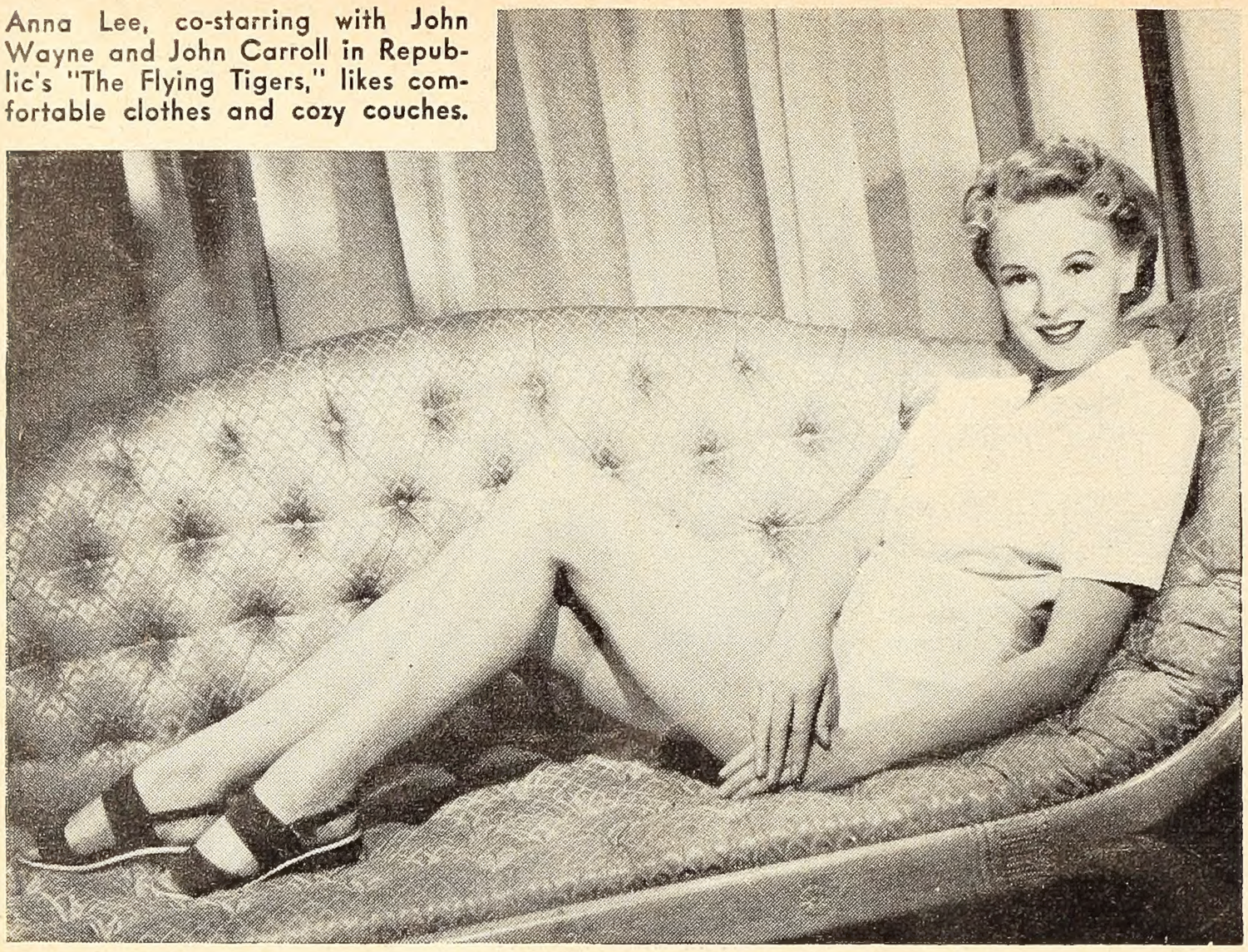

Anna Lee, co-starring with John Wayne and John Carroll in Republic's "The Flying Tigers," likes comfortable clothes and cozy couches.

Highness arrive? People are beginning to scroonch around in their seats."

"She comes in at nine sharp," Little Pinks said, and he breathed easier as he saw Decatur Reed come in and sit at one of the tables, with Horsethief and Professor B. taking adjoining tables.

Then the party really was beginning and the lights dimmed and the band stopped playing and a trumpet blared a fanfare and a spotlight circled the darkened room and picked out the ringside table where Her Highness was sitting with Violette in the chair opposite and Baby lying at her feet. And then as the orchestra leader introduced her as Your Highness, somebody began to titter for it was clear this pretty girl was a nobody and not the duchess or princess they'd expected. Anyone could see this girl was Broadway and not Almanac de Gotha. And some of the people started to leave. But Little Pinks wasn't worried, not with the Professor stationed at the entrance with a gun to send them all back again.

"That's Gloria," Decatur Reed said surprised, and then he was even more surprised to find something hard sticking into his back, something that felt like a gun, and he turned to meet Horsethief's eyes.

"Go over and see her," Horsethief muttered. "And make with dialogue like Cary Grant makes with Ginger Rogers."

There wasn't anything else Decatur Reed could do, but just to be sure he'd play his part, Little Pinks took his place back of Her Highness' table. But Decatur Reed was playing his part, all right.

"You're glorious," he whispered.

"I—I didn't think you'd come," Her Highness faltered.

"I'd go to China if you moved a finger," the playboy said, and Little Pinks felt as if he'd been paid in full when he saw Gloria's face light up like that. It made it worthwhile, even when he knew he'd have his own bill to pay when the waiter summoned him to Ables' office and he saw the detectives there and heard Colonel Venus loudly demanding that his wife's necklace and dress be returned. And there on the desk was his social security ticket which had trapped him as the thief.

There wasn't anything to do but tell the story, all of it, and Colonel Venus went white as he listened. And it would have been hard facing those grim-eyed detectives if he hadn't heard Gloria singing through the closed door, the song she had sung at the Canary Club in New York, the song that was making her feel happy and important again. Doing it for Gloria made it worthwhile.

"So you can do what you want with me," Little Pinks said as he finished, feeling better seeing that Nicely Nicely and Horsethief and the Professor had come in, for at a time like this it was good to know he had friends. "Only let Her Highness have tonight and make Ables pay up."

"It's all a lot of broccoli!" Ables shouted. "You can't believe that pale squirt!"

"Quiet, Ables," Colonel Venus ordered.

"Speaking officially, we'd say ditto," one of the detectives nodded.

"Pinks is the guy who hoisted the stuff," Ables went on. "Arrest him."

"That is a topic we will take up later with reservations," the detective said.

The door opened then and a waiter escorted Decatur Reed into the room. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

"Take off your clothes," Colonel Venus commanded, and then as the other hesitated, "Take them off, I say!"

"How about a little explaining first?" Reed demanded.

"I just heard something nobody can explain," the Colonel said, and he turned to Little Pinks. "I'd like to shake hands with you, Mr. Pinks. You're something that doesn't come along very often. I'd like to help make your party a wow. Change your clothes," he said, nodding to Reed. "I've got work to do."

It didn't take the Colonel long to accomplish what he wanted when his wife realized he knew everything. Her teeth were chattering but she did as he asked, going towards Her Highness' table.

But Nicely Nicely got there first. "We better get out of here," he said tersely.

"Why?" Violette demanded, taking another sip of champagne.

"I think maybe he's right," Her Highness said.

"Aren't you having a good time?" Violette demanded.

"Why did Decatur walk out on me?" Her Highness said, and her voice sounded so tired. "I know why. He's laughing at me. He doesn't want me. Nobody does."

"Well, they want Pinks," Nicely Nicely said gruffly. "The cops got him inside. For larceny."

"What did he ever steal?" Her Highness gasped.

"Nothing," Nicely Nicely glowered. "Just the dress you got on, and the rocks, and the whole party."

"He's lying, Your Highness," Violette put in quickly but the girl looked frozen.

"Is he?" she said dully, and then she looked up as Mrs. Venus came over to the table, followed by all the important people her husband had made her corral, and they all were making much of Gloria, inviting her this place and that. But it didn't make any difference, not now. Only when she saw Little Pinks coming over to her, wearing Decatur Reed's dress suit that made him look so handsome and almost distinguished, did her smile come.

"Pinks," she said breathlessly. "Pinks!" And then looking at the others, "I would like to talk to Pinks. Go away, will you? This is personal." Then as they left her voice came low and troubled. For the first time in her life Her Highness was thinking of someone except herself. "What's with the bulls, Pinks?"

"Okay," he said, and the way he said it made her know it was all right.

"Thanks for the party, Pinks," she said, and her voice was almost shy. And the stars came back to her eyes as the orchestra began playing her song again.

"I wish," she faltered then, "I wish I could dance to it!"

"Why not?" Little Pinks said.

"I'm trying, Pinks." She tried to smile, even though her eyes were splashed with tears. "I'm trying awful hard, but nothing happens."

"Maybe you're not trying hard enough." He smiled. "Let me help."

And before she knew what was happening he picked her up and held her in his arms, high, so her feet didn't touch the floor at all, but she felt as if she were really dancing as he held her, waltzing in time to the music.

"Everybody's watching," she whispered.

"You," Little Pinks said. "Not me."

"Both of us." She looked at him. "A bus boy dancing with a girl who isn't dancing."

"You will soon," he insisted.

"Never, Pinks." Her arm tightened around him. "But I don't care now. Why did you do all this for me?"

"Because we're friends," Pinks said.

"No!" She was smiling now. "Remember that night in Georgia, when you talked to me and I was asleep? I wasn't really asleep, Pinks. I made out I was because I thought I'd laugh. Only I didn't. You know something, Pinks? Lots of people don't walk. They knit or something. I'd make a rotten knitter but I could try."

"You could even try to walk," Pinks said. "Yes, you could," he insisted as she hesitated. "Try, Your Highness. Try now!"

"Now?" Her voice came breathlessly.

"Now! This minute!" And he sounded so sure as he gently let her down so her feet reached the floor, so sure that she felt sure too and took that one step forward.

"That did it, Pinks," she cried. "Nobody can ever call me an old komoppo now." And she laughed in that moment before she started to fall and as he caught her Pinks saw her eyes were still laughing, laughing right up to the second that they began closing. He put his cheek against hers as he held her, not caring who saw it as he carried her, her white dress trailing and everybody watching in that still way and the only sound Baby's barking as he followed them through the door.

Horsethief was feeling pretty silly wiping tears away from his eyes like that, but the Professor wasn't.

"Pinks found what everybody else in the world is looking for," he said softly.

"And lost it," Horsethief said.

"No." The Professor sounded awfully sure. "It is well-known to one and all on Broadway that a citizen never loses what he's got filed away in his ticker," he said.

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